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PSYCHOGRAPHY: *

A COLLECTION OF EVIDENCE OF THE REALITY OF THE PHENOMENON OF WRITING WITHOUT HUMAN AGENCY, IN A CLOSED SLATE OR OTHER SPACE, ACCESS TO WHICH BY ORDINARY MEANS IS PRECLUDED.

By M.A. (OXON.)

(Revised and Corrected with a large amount of additional matter.)

INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE commencing the special work which I have set myself to do, I wish to make clear what I propose and what I do not propose to attempt in its execution.

I propose, then, to set forth certain facts within my own knowledge respecting one class of Psychical Phenomena—viz.

* The object with which a revised edition of this little volume is presented to the public is to make known as widely as possible the nature of the evidence on which Spiritualists ground their belief.

I believe that in Psychography we have a fact susceptible of simple and complete demonstration in a higher degree than any other equally important phenomenon in Spiritualism.

I believe that the nature of the evidence on which it is believed is such that it will stand any fair sifting.

Yet, such is the mass of new phenomena which are constantly being

Psychography, or Abnormal Writing. These facts (respecting a subject which has obtained much publicity) I set forth on my own authority, and as part of my own experience in the investigation of Psychical Phenomena.

I propose, further, to record, in a convenient form for reference, certain other facts of a similar nature testified to by others. In doing so, I shall rigidly adhere to the special fact under notice, and shall eliminate all evidence that will not bear rigid scrutiny. Confining myself to this one class of phenomena, I shall avoid repetition and the needless multiplication of records. Fully conscious as I am that evidence of this nature is cumulative, I also believe that there is a point beyond which the cumulative power ceases, and I judge it best to narrow down the issue as far as possible.

Respecting these facts, I do not propose to maintain any theory, though I shall briefly enumerate some hypotheses which are put forward. I shall not vex myself and perplex my readers by the discussion of any *a priori* grounds of rejection with which some investigators bewilder themselves. I have nothing to do with the allegation that such and such things are *ex rerum natura*, and so are to be rejected without

forced on attention, that there is some risk that valuable facts may be lost sight of, especially by those whose acquaintance with the subject is recent.

Many such are to be found, no doubt, among the readers of this *Review*, and I have, therefore, thought it well to place my facts before them prior to their republication in the shape of a book. I hope thus to reach a wider audience than I otherwise should.

It may be useful if I add here a list of books which may usefully be perused by the inquirer, which can be obtained post free from the publisher of this *Review*, 4 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.—M.A. (Oxon.)

La Réalité des Esprits et le Phenomene Merveilleux de leur Ecriture Directe.

Baron L. de Guldenstubbé.

Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, 2 vols. 20s. Eugene Crowell, M.D.

Planchette. 6s.

The Proof-Palpal of Immortality. 4s. 6d. } Epes Sargent.

Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. 6s. 6d. }

Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations. 12s. 6d. Robert Hare, M.D.

Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. 5s. Alfred Russell Wallace.

Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism. 5s. W. Crookes, F.R.S.

Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society. 5s.

Arcana of Spiritualism. 5s. 6d. Hudson Tuttle.

Letters and Tracts on Spiritualism. 5s. Judge Edmonds.

The Debatable Land. 8s. 6d.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World. 7s. 6d. } Hon. R. Dale Owen.

Spirit Identity. 5s.

Higher Aspects of Spiritualism. 2s. 6d. } M.A. (Oxon.).

Transcendental Physics. Prof. Zöllner. Translated by C. C. Massey. Second Edition. 3s. 6d.

the formality of a trial. This is an ancient method—more antique than venerable—of disposing of new facts. There was a time, somewhere in the world's history, when it was employed to burke almost every manifestation of truth which was new and unwelcome, just as there comes a time in the history of each new discovery when the old method is abandoned, and those who have employed it endeavour, with a shamefaced smile, to show that they were only joking after all, and were, though we might not have observed it, truth's best and truest friends.

I do not propose to anticipate that time in the history of these *Psychical Phenomena* by any premature argument. Convinced that the day is near at hand when Science will recognise her duty in this respect, I will patiently wait for the time when some of its prominent representatives will abandon a false position with such grace as they may.

As to the facts, I shall not attempt to maintain anything more than that they furnish evidence of the existence of a Force, and of a governing Intelligence external to a human body. That Force is conveniently called *Psychic*, and is the *Odic*, or *Od Force* of Reichenbach; the *Nerve Force*, or *Aura*, of other writers; the *Ectenic Force* of Thury; the *Akasa* of the Hindû; or, comprehensively, *Vital Force*. The name matters little; but the term *Psychic* and its compounds, as applied to the Force, to the channel through which it flows, and to its various forms of manifestation, seems most simple and free from objection.*

I do not propose to burden my record with any arguments as to the source and character of the Intelligence, except where such are plain deductions from my narrative.

I will not attempt to define the exact use of the words *Spirit* and *Soul*, or to lay down rules for their proper application. But, without entering into argument, I may say that the best writers use *Spirit* as the name for the innermost principle, the Divine particle, the *Ego*, the Self, the Inner Being, which survives the changes that its external envelopes undergo. The *Astral Body*, or *Spiritual Body* of Paul, is known as the *Soul*, and is the link between *Spirit* and the *Physical Body*. Man, therefore, is a trinity, composed of *Spirit*, *Soul*, and *Body*: of which the latter is the envelope which is the *Spirit's* garb in this state of existence, and is cast

* It is usual among many who record these phenomena to employ the term *Medium* for the *Psychic*, and from it to fabricate such philologically barbarous words as *mediumistic*. The terms will be found in use in many of the published records; but I have employed the term *Psychic* and its compounds, as, in my judgment, preferable.

off at its termination by the change called Death. The innermost principle, by whatever name it may be called, is the *Ego*, the real *Self*, which, acting through the material frame, is independent in its existence here, and will survive in independent existence hereafter.

Respecting this Intelligence which is displayed in the messages written out by these abnormal means, I will not maintain that it is or is not worthy of attention on account of the matter of its communications. I could say something on the just lines of criticism in this respect, but my purpose is served without any opening of side issues. What is written by this unseen intelligence may be as foolish as my critic pleases. If it be never so silly, it will serve for my argument. Is it written at all? Then let us leave its nonsense alone, and account for its presence as a fact.

Nor will I maintain that the messages always, or even generally, proceed from the source pretended. No more fruitful source of controversy has arisen than this. Taste and sense of decorum and propriety are outraged by the claim that is made for these frequently silly and ludicrous writings, that they proceed from the source alleged, which, as often as not, is some relative of the experimenter's or some illustrious name in history. The shock to good taste and feeling so administered puts the investigator into an attitude of indignant opposition. He refuses to credit what is to him so monstrous, and jumps, in anger, to the conclusion that what is improbable in the explanation extends also to the fact. I trust that any who do me the honour to read what I write will allow me to pin their attention to the bare fact, and to ask them to leave the matter of the writing to another time.* Just now, I will say nothing whatever about the contents. It is sufficient that they are in evidence as an objective fact.

I will not maintain that the Intelligence is always independent of that of the Psychic in whose presence these phenomena occur, or of some or all of the persons present. This is not the place in which to discuss the powers of the human spirit, or the limits of its trans-corporeal action.

I will not even maintain that the Intelligence is *intelligent*. Sometimes it is not; but always, so far as I know, there is evidence of plan, of design, of purpose. I will not go so far, either, as to discuss the question whether, in given cases, the Intelligence is human or sub-human. These are all points which merit grave discussion, and on each of which I could

* On this subject I refer my reader to a little work on *Spirit Identity* published by me.

say much, were it not for the fear of diverting attention from my one point—the fact of Psychography. In this connection I may, however, quote the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., after a long series of scientific experiments and observations, recorded in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, January, 1874. Speaking of the Phenomena of Percussive Sounds, he says:—

An important question here forces itself upon the attention. *Are the movements and sounds governed by intelligence?* At a very early stage of the inquiry, it was seen that the power producing the phenomena was not merely a blind force, but was associated with or governed by intelligence. . . . The intelligence governing the phenomena is sometimes manifestly below that of the medium. It is frequently in direct opposition to the wishes of the medium. When a determination has been expressed to do something which might not be considered quite right, I have known urgent messages given to induce a reconsideration. The intelligence is sometimes of such a character as to lead to the belief that it does not emanate from any person present.

To this I may add, that in a number of recorded cases—*e.g.*, in that of Miss Laura Edmunds, the daughter of Judge Edmunds of New York—and in several that have come under my own notice, the Intelligence is not only distinct from that of the Psychic, but uses a language unknown to the Psychic, and conveys elaborate information, precise in detail, of which he or she had no previous knowledge; and not only that, but of which no person present had any previous knowledge.

Occupying, so far as the present treatise goes, this neutral position, I shall designedly omit all facts and considerations that may serve to divert attention from my point. But since Psychography is but one out of many phenomenal manifestations of the presence and power of an unseen intelligence, it may be well that I give a brief outline of some of the ordinary phases of psychical phenomena which have come under my notice.

This unknown force, to designate which I shall use the name *Psychical*, is found to operate in the presence of persons, whom I shall call *Psychics*, in various ways. I do not feel able to say exactly what the differentiating quality of a Psychic is. It may be that he is surrounded by a magnetic aura which reaches further than that which, it would seem, surrounds the bodies of all of us. It may be that in him the normal relation between the Astral and Physical bodies is more easily displaced. But, to whatever cause it is attributable, through the bodies of certain persons there surges at times, and under certain conditions, a Psychic Force which is em-

ployed by unseen Intelligences for the purpose of audible and visible communication with the denizens of this world.

These times are variable. The Force is by no means constant, and is liable to ebb and flow. It will cease for a long time, and then break forth again with renewed power. Its action is not apparently the same at similar times with various Psychics. In some it is apparently increased by fasting and seclusion: in others its flow is greater when the vital strength has been stimulated by a hearty meal. Some Psychics are independent of external aid from a circle: others obtain phenomena more readily when surrounded by a more or less numerous body of sympathetic friends. I believe that no law has yet been made out. One thing only is sure—that whatever disturbs the mind of the Psychic is likely to prevent the occurrence or, at least, seriously to impair the power of any manifestations. Harmony is essential to success, and whatever promotes it, whether singing, or perfumes, or pleasant conversation, or even prayerful meditation, is to be discovered and employed.

The conditions under which the Force is most active are usually those furnished by a harmonious circle of friends, the sexes about equally represented, sitting round an uncovered table in subdued light. Bright light does, unquestionably, seem to prevent success: and the direct gaze of the human eye, if it be intent and piercing, is deterrent in the extreme. Total darkness facilitates noisy exhibitions of spirit power, and is necessary for the production of some of the luminous appearances. But, except for the rare purpose of demonstrating what can be done, to sit in darkness is to be deprecated. The opportunity of investigation worthy the name is, under such conditions, little or none: the phenomena are often violent, noisy, and coarse: and, though this is not the place to dwell on such a consideration, such conditions too often invite the presence of Intelligences whom it is wise to avoid. A long experience has convinced me that public sésances, where it is sought to convince the ignorant, or to add to our scanty store of knowledge, should never be held except in light sufficient for exact observation, and with the Psychic so placed as to be in full view. The case is different where friends meet, not so much for observation of phenomena as for intercourse with those who visit them from the world of spirit. Records of such meetings, however, seldom become public property, and may be left out of account. As a broad rule, dark sésances are to be avoided.

The methods in which the Force manifests itself are infinitely various. I can only enumerate some typical specimens that have come under my own notice.

Perhaps the most familiar are raps, or tilts of the table, and percussive sounds. These raps are of all kinds—from a tiny tick to a loud crash, as though the table had been forcibly struck with a sledge-hammer. These sounds have a distinct individuality, and are governed by an Intelligence which, in many cases, is demonstrably not that of any human being present. Their characteristics are permanent, so that A.'s rap is known as A.'s voice would be among friends in the flesh; and this, whatever change may have been made in the place where, or method by which it is produced. It does not seem to matter whether the table be large or small, or whether the material of the circle is or is not changed, or whether the séance be held in one place or another, if A. comes his rap is the same.

These raps occur without contact of the hands of any person present with the table. I have seen a table rise and touch a hand held over it at a height of from four to six inches, and more, raps occurring upon it all the time. Indeed, when once the table is charged with the force by contact with the hands of the sitters, it is usually possible to obtain raps freely and for a considerable time without touching it at all.

Another method in which the action of the force is seen is in the movement of ponderable objects. Chairs, for instance, are frequently moved towards the table at which a séance is being held. In a room, which was imperfectly darkened, I have watched the movement of a chair which was for several minutes (ten or more) suspended in the air, and finally placed on the little table at which the Psychic, my friend, and I were seated, all hands joined. And all who have attended public séances must be familiar with the floating about of a heavy musical box, while the hands of all present are accounted for.

Of a similar type is the phenomenon called Levitation. Animate as well as inanimate objects are raised and floated in the air. I have repeatedly been present at a dark séance, when the Psychic, whose hands were firmly grasped by friends of my own on each side, has been levitated and deposited, chair and all, on the table round which we were sitting. On a light being procured, he has been found so sitting with his hands firmly grasped by his neighbours, who have testified that they never relaxed their hold for a moment.

But my object is only to give hints and indications of the action of this force; and I pass to one which has lately been brought prominently before the public by the evidence of the late Professor Zöllner—the so-called passage of matter through matter. In his *Transcendental Physics*,* which Mr. C. C.

*London: W. H. Harrison, 33 Museum Street, W.C. 2nd ed., price 3s. 6d.

Massey has placed within the reach of the English reader by his translation, are recorded various cases in which what we regard as solid matter has proved no barrier to the passage through it of matter equally solid. In the seventh chapter of this work various instances of this phenomenon are recorded: and I have recorded in my *Personal Researches* during the years 1872-3 several cases of a very striking character.*

I must not dwell on the more refined and delicate manifestations of this unseen Intelligence by means of the Psychic Force of which I am writing. Perfumes and waves of scent-laden air are at times wafted round the circle: luminous appearances are seen, and musical sounds are abnormally made when no musical instrument exists. For evidence on these points, I must refer the reader to the *Researches* to which I have already referred, and generally to the books which I have enumerated, as prominent in the literature of the subject.

I say nothing now of the fugitive detached hands that not infrequently appear at séances: nor of the human forms apparently built up of flesh and blood, and organised as the human body is, which do undoubtedly appear under circumstances which, in spite of fraud, only too rife, compel acceptance of a fact so portentous as this is.

Nor, again, is it possible to dwell on the evidence for Spirit-Photography, and to discuss cases in which the sensitised plate has been impressed with the image of an unseen sitter. All these various methods by which our unseen Intelligence seeks to act on the plane of matter are akin to that particular method of Psychography, to which I now direct special attention.

Other methods there are of a different kind by which we may be reached, but these are not demonstrably objective and susceptible of such proof as I propose to apply to Psychography. I, therefore, pass them by, and, begging my readers to note that there are kindred methods of interference with our world by those who come to us from the unseen and unknown realm to which we are travelling, I proceed to present my evidence, personal, historical, and contemporary, for the reality of Psychography or Independent Writing.

PSYCHOGRAPHY IN THE PAST.

GULDENSTUBBE—CROOKES.

This subject of Psychography, or writing without the intervention of ordinary human agency, is by no means new, though

* These appeared in *Human Nature*, and will eventually, I hope, be issued to the public in a volume.

it has of late attracted greater attention. It has been familiar to all investigators of Psychic Phenomena, and has usually been called by some such name as Direct, or Independent Writing. Records of its occurrence are found in the most ancient works on the subject, and it was perfectly familiar to those early and mediæval students of occult phenomena, whose researches throw so much light on that which we now find perplexing. The most remarkable record, however, of these special facts is made by Baron Guldenstubbé, in a book entitled "*La Réalité des Esprits, et le phénomène merveilleux de leur écriture directe.*"

The Baron must have been a Psychic of great power, for all the writings were obtained without the aid of any other person, and under conditions which, in most cases, would preclude the hope of successful results. It is with experiments of this nature as with all others: certain conditions are required for success. These have been, and are, much exaggerated and misrepresented, darkness being popularly supposed to be the principal desideratum. This is not so. I believe that every phenomenon—except such as require darkness for their observation, as, for instance, luminous phosphorescent appearances—can be produced in full light. Much more time and patience would be required: but, granted these, light is no final barrier to success.

In view of recent experience, it is much to be regretted that more steady attempts have not been made to obtain all psychological phenomena that admit of such treatment in clear and good light. Not otherwise shall we get evidence that will impress men of accurate scientific training. And, however difficult this may be in the cases of some of the phenomena, it is not so with Psychography. It is the great advantage of this special fact, that it can be readily proven under exact conditions of observation, while yet the desirable darkness is secured. Two slates, securely fixed together, provide a dark chamber between the inner surfaces on which the psychograph may be obtained, while the slates themselves lie on a table in full light. Amid the perplexities which beset physical investigations in general, these conditions are refreshingly simple.

Baron Guldenstubbé seems to have been able to dispense with the usual conditions under which writing is obtained—a closed room, with a magnetically-charged atmosphere, subdued light, and a formal gathering of persons from or through whom the necessary force is evolved. He obtained his writings anywhere and at any time, in the open air, and on a tombstone, of which locality he was specially fond. It squared with his idea of the source of the writing, and so facilitated its execution. This, I have said before, is far more requisite than any

other condition for success, that the Psychic through whom the force is evolved should be at ease and comfort. If he have any special ideas as to the source of the phenomenon, to controvert them by argument is to cause almost certain failure. Left to himself, with surroundings that conduce to comfort of mind and body, and with liberty to follow out his opinions as to the best means of securing results, success will usually follow.

Hence it is that the best, most sure, and most reliable phenomena are seen in private circles, where none but friends of one mind and united by the bonds of friendship or affection are assembled.

Among the places named as those where successful experiments were made, are the Louvre, the Museum at Versailles, the Cathedral of Saint Denis, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the Cemeteries of Montparnasse, Montmartre, and Père la Chaise, the Bois de Boulogne, and various churches and ancient ruins in France, Germany, Austria, and England.

The list of witnesses, twenty-seven in number, selected out of a vast number of distinguished persons, who have repeatedly assisted at the Baron's experiments, includes the names of *M. Delamarre*, editor of the *Patrie*; *M. Choisselat*, editor of the *Univers*; *Mr. Dale Owen*; *M. Lacordaire*, brother of the great orator; *M. de Bonnechose*, the historian; *M. Kiorbœ*, a well-known Swedish painter; the *Baron von Rosenberg*, German Ambassador at the Court of Wurtemberg; *Prince Leonide Gulitzin*, and two other representatives of the nobility of Moscow; and the *Rev. William Mountford*, who contributed his personal testimony in the *Spiritualist* of December 21st, 1877.

Mr. Coleman, of Upper Norwood, whose experience dates so far back, informed me that he well remembered Mr. Dale Owen going to Paris for the purpose of witnessing these remarkable experiments. He told Mr. Coleman in detail of his accompanying the Baron and his sister Julia to various chapels in Paris, where he laid down sheets of his own paper, without pencil or writing material. Retiring a few paces, but never losing sight of the paper, he found an intelligent message written upon it in every case. Mr. Coleman had one of these curious Psychographs in his own possession. It was obtained at the Palace of the Trianon, Versailles.

The book is illustrated by thirty fac-similes of Psychographs thus obtained, and selected from more than two thousand specimens, in twenty different languages, and some of them covering several pages. These were obtained between the years 1856 and 1872. The first experiment was made by placing paper and pencil in a box, which was locked, and the

key of which never left the Baron's possession. No one was acquainted with the fact that any such experiment was in process. After twelve days, during which no mark was made on the paper, there appeared on it certain mysterious characters, and during that day ten separate experiments gave successful results. The box was then left open and watched, and writing was seen to grow upon the paper without the use of the pencil. From that time he abandoned the use of the pencil altogether, and obtained his vast number of Psychographs by the simple process of putting blank paper on the table of his room, or in public buildings, or on the pedestals of ancient statues, or on tombstones in churches and cemeteries. It apparently mattered little where the paper was placed; and it is possible that the Baron, by the exercise of his will, could have obtained any given name in any given place. The association of name and statue, or tomb, was a consequence of his mental prepossessions.

Mr. Crookes records in his *Researches* two notable instances of Psychography, which I quote as showing the facility for observation in the one case, and the satisfactory result obtained in darkness, where no room existed for doubting the evidence so obtained. It is usually assumed by those who have not tried the experiment that no evidence obtained in a dark room can be of any value. Mr. Crookes' record may dispel that error, which is common among scientific sceptics, who start with a prepossession against the reality of the phenomena in general, and, therefore, of the special fact under notice.

The first instance which I shall give took place, it is true, at a dark *séance*, but the result was not less satisfactory on that account. I was sitting next to the medium, Miss Fox, the only other persons present being my wife and a lady relative, and I was holding the medium's two hands in one of mine, whilst her feet were resting on my feet. Paper was on the table before us, and my disengaged hand was holding a pencil.

A luminous hand came down from the upper part of the room, and after hovering near me for a few seconds, took the pencil from my hand, rapidly wrote on a sheet of paper, threw the pencil down, and then rose up over our heads, gradually fading into darkness.

My second instance may be considered the record of a failure. "A good failure often teaches more than the most successful experiment." It took place in the light, in my own room, with only a few private friends and Mr. Home present. Several circumstances, to which I need not further allude, had shown that the power that evening was strong. I therefore expressed a wish to witness the actual production of a written message, such as I had heard described a short time before by a friend. Immediately an alphabetic communication was made as follows—"We will try." A pencil and some sheets of paper

had been lying on the centre of the table; presently the pencil rose up on its point, and after advancing by hesitating jerks to the paper, fell down. It then rose, and again fell. A third time it tried, but with no better result. After three unsuccessful attempts, a small wooden lath, which was lying near upon the table, slid towards the pencil, and rose a few inches from the table; the pencil rose again, and propping itself against the lath, the two together made an effort to mark the paper. It fell, and then a joint effort was again made. After a third trial the lath gave it up and moved back to its place, the pencil lay as it fell across the paper, and an alphabetic message told us—"We have tried to do as you asked, but our power is exhausted."

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

For the past ten years I have been familiar with the phenomenon of Psychography, and have observed it in a vast number of cases, both with recognised Psychics known to the public, and with ladies and gentlemen in private, who possess the power and readily procure the result. In the course of these observations I have seen psychographs obtained in closed and locked boxes, in a manner similar to the experiment above recorded in the case of the Baron Guldenstubbé; on paper previously marked and placed in a special position, from which it was not moved; on paper marked and put under the table, so as to get the assistance of darkness; on paper on which my elbow rested, and on paper covered by my hand; on paper inclosed in a sealed envelope; and on slates securely tied together.

I have known such writing to be almost instantaneously produced; and experiments, to which I shall refer in their place, confirm me in the statement that the process employed is not always the same. Whereas at times the pencil is seen to write as if moved by a hand, at times invisible, but at others visibly guiding and controlling its movements, at others the writing would seem to be produced by an instantaneous effort without the use of the pencil. I recall an instance which bears on this question of the use of the pencil.

I was present at a séance held at the house of an intimate friend, three friends only present. Paper, previously initialled by each of us, was put on the floor under the table, together with an ordinary black-lead pencil. One of us, feeling the pencil against his boot, put his foot upon it, and held it there till the séance was over. Writing, however, was found on the paper; and we debated the question how it could have been done, seeing that no pencil was available for use. The paper bore our marks, and had not been removed, so far as we could tell. We met again during the same week, and I

privately provided myself with the means of testing the matter. I brought a bright green pencil, and substituted it without remark for the black-lead, keeping my foot upon it all the time. When the paper was examined the writing—a very short scrawl—was found to be in green. The pencil, therefore, was used in some way unknown to me. I believe that this is the case frequently, and that instantaneous writing is done by some method other than that of the normal use of the pencil. This is noted by Baron Guldenstubbé, as I have remarked above, and was observable in some cases of slate-writing with Slade, as I shall have occasion to note hereafter; and one case at least is within my knowledge where a side of a slate is frequently covered with writing in a few seconds. The psychic in this case is a lady, whose name I have no authority to make public.

I proceed now to give my own personal testimony as to what I have witnessed in the presence of two Psychics well known to the public, Henry Slade and Francis W. Monck, selecting those points only which bear on this subject.

I sat alone with Slade in the month of July, 1877; and I carried with me a small slate of white porcelain, taken from my own writing-desk. I held it myself under the table, at a corner furthest from Slade, and obtained a short scrawl upon it, written with a point of lead-pencil which I placed upon it. Slade used ordinary slates and slate-pencil; and on one of his slates, while we held it jointly, a number of messages were written. The longest and most elaborate of these, which covered both sides of a folding-slate, was written while the slate lay on the table before me. I put my ear down to the cover of the slate, and could distinctly hear the writing in process. The sound was the grating sound of slate-pencil deliberately and carefully moved over the slate, and lasted for a considerable time; I should say three or four minutes. I noted especially the fact that the sound came from the slate immediately beneath my ear. I also observed that by a slight change of position the writing could be stopped. This could very readily be accomplished by releasing Slade's hands, and so breaking the magnetic connection.

In order to make my position intelligible, I append an exact diagram of the table used by Slade, which was produced in the court at the Bow Street trial, and which may now be seen by the curious at the rooms of the Central Association of Spiritualists, 38 Great Russell Street. The table used during my experiment was an old one, of about the same size, belonging to the house in which he was lodging. It was only when this table was split into pieces that Slade had one constructed

for himself. It was made of hard wood, to resist rough usage and of remarkable simplicity, in order to be easily examined. The subjoined diagram and explanation, adapted from a description in the *Spiritualist* newspaper, will enable my readers to understand what Mr. Maskelyne audaciously described at the Slade trial at Bow Street, as a trick-table.

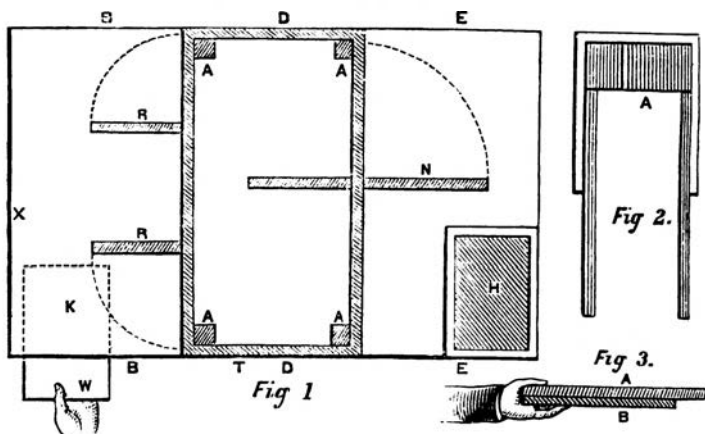


Fig. 2 represents the table Dr. Slade ordered to be produced at his trial at Bow Street; it is a kind of ordinary kitchen table, but made of ash. The frame above A was declared by the man who made it to be somewhat larger than the frames commonly used for such tables; he had made it larger, without any order to that effect, to give additional strength. There is, as usual with such tables, no frame round the flaps.

There being no veneering and no framework in each flap—nothing but a piece of solid ash—it is easy to see that when Dr. Slade holds a slate, B (Fig. 3), against the solid wooden flap, A, and writing comes, in dry, dusty slate-pencil, all over the upper side of the slate, in the shadow under the flap, how very disturbing such an occurrence must be to the mental equilibrium of hardened materialists.

B D E, Fig. 1, show the under side of the table, but we have put two ordinary brackets at R R, under the flap, B B, whereas Dr. Slade's table had but a single stick bracket under each flap, such as is shown at N, beneath the flap, E E. The slate "in position" is shown at H, where the stick bracket is out of its way, one of the double brackets, R, there, would have been an encumbrance, interfering with the placing of the slate. D D is the part of the table directly connected with the frame, and A A A A are the tops of the four legs of the table.

Dr. Slade never sits at the flap side of the table at X. He always sits sideways, against the frame at T D, turning his feet in the direction of the lower E, and putting the slate under the table at that

corner, so that the observer, who always sits at the same corner in broad daylight, has—or can have if he asks for it—Dr. Slade's hands and feet, and the edge of the slate, always in full view.

Sometimes Dr. Slade, with his thumb on the upper side of the slate at W, pushes the slate, W K, half under the table, as represented at K, then withdraws it, the whole motion being about as quick as the swing of a pendulum, yet during the moment the part of the slate K is in shadow, a sentence is scribbled across it in the dry, dusty writing of slate-pencil.

The position in which we were placed was this: Slade sat sideways at T D, and with his back to the window, through which a July sun was streaming; the blinds were up, and every corner of the room was in clear light. I sat at the side opposite to N; my right hand linked with Slade's on the top of the table, so as to form a chain, my left hand joining his in holding a slate at H. When my hand was raised so as not to touch Slade's hand on the top of the table, the writing at once ceased, and was resumed when contact was again made. It will be seen that other observers have noted this.

The writing on my porcelain slate was obtained while I held it under the corner at E, Slade not touching it.

The next piece of personal evidence which I adduce was obtained with another Psychic, F. W. Monck. The place was 26 Southampton Row; the time, October 19, 1877, evening; the light, that of a small lamp, sufficient for observation; those present were Archdeacon Colley, Mrs. Colley, myself, and the Psychic.

I examined, carefully cleaned, and privately marked, two small school slates, which were apparently quite new; placed a tiny fragment of slate-pencil between their inner surfaces, and tied them securely together, so that they could not slip, nor could anything be inserted between them. I fastened my string, moreover, with a peculiar knot. When tied, I myself placed the slates on the table before me, and requested Mr. Colley to lay his finger on one corner, while I placed mine on the corner next to it, and Monck, who sat opposite to us, laid his hands on the corners nearest to him.

I was requested to choose some short word, and to desire to have it written within the slates. I chose *snow*. The sound of writing was distinctly heard, and I was informed through Monck, entranced, that the word had been written. Three facts were then stated, viz., that a badly-formed S had been erased, and that two other letters had certain specified peculiarities in their formation.

These statements, made, be it observed, while the slates lay before me under my finger, I at once verified by untying the

string that bound them together. As they had never left my sight, it is to no purpose to say that my knot was intact. Within the slates I found the word *snow* written, and with the peculiar formations and erasure which had been specified. In addition, the words "favourite way" were written. While the experiment was in process, we had been conversing about the peculiar way in which names were frequently spelt in these writings, and one of us remarked that, though a particular Christian name was frequently written, it was never spelt in the owner's *favourite way*. The passing words had been caught up and written at the moment within the slates.

Reserving comment, I note the following points in this experiment:—

1. The slates were new, clean, privately marked, and thoroughly tied.
2. They never left my sight, nor was my hand removed from them even for a moment.
3. They never were out of my possession after I cleaned and marked them.
4. The light was sufficient for exact observation.
5. The words written could not have been prepared beforehand.
6. I have the corroboration of two witnesses.

One more case I record as a piece of personal experience, before proceeding to the experiments of others. When this subject first came before me, I endeavoured to submit it to a crucial test. For this purpose I made an experiment similar to that first made by Baron Guldenstubbé, of whose name even I had not then heard. I inclosed a piece of paper in a travelling desk of my own, which desk I strapped up in its cover, and placed in my private drawer. The key of that drawer, in which my most private papers are kept, never goes out of my possession, and assuredly I kept it consciously in view during the experiment. I left the paper undisturbed for twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time I found upon it very clear and distinct writing, covering its entire upper surface.

In this case I note the absence of any possibility of deception, conceivable to myself. At the same time, I note also the absence of corroborative testimony.

GENERAL CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

Starting, then, from the nucleus of my own experience, recorded, I pledge myself, with the most entire accuracy, so far

as I am aware; I now proceed to adduce the evidence of others who have observed facts which corroborate those now recorded.

For the sake of orderly arrangement, I shall bring forward the evidence under various heads.

I.—EVIDENCE ATTESTED BY THE SENSES.

I. BY THE SENSE OF SIGHT.

I have already said that the evidence on which I rely most is that obtained in light which is sufficient for exact observation. I am by no means prepared to say that very satisfactory evidence may not be obtained independently of eyesight, but I am quite aware that "seeing is believing." I commence, therefore, with a record furnished by Mr. E. T. Bennett, of Richmond, printed in *The Spiritualist* of Sept. 21, 1877.

I may premise before I go further that the language used in the records quoted is that which all Spiritualists employ. I use it without connecting myself with or desiring to pledge my readers to any theory. The terms used throughout are used in their accepted signification without dispute or question.

On Sunday evening, the 9th inst., a circle consisting of Dr. Monck, Mrs. F., Miss R., a medical man, Mr. Christian Reimers, and myself, met at Mr. Reimers' house, No. 6, Manor-Villas, Richmond. We sat round an ordinary table, on which were placed the works of a small musical box, two small slates, paper, and black-lead pencil. A shaded candle was placed in an adjoining room, the door being open, so that there was all through the *séance* sufficient light to see the various objects in the room, and the time by a watch.

After some ordinary preliminary manifestations, Dr. Monck's control addressed the medical man, whom I will call Dr. A., and asked him to tell him a word he would like written on the slate. The slates were examined and marked by myself, tied together securely by Dr. A. As no bit of slate-pencil could be found, a minute fragment of black-lead was placed between them, which we ascertained would make a mark. Dr. A. then chose the word "darling," and the slates were placed on the table, and Dr. M.'s and Dr. A.'s hands on them.

Dr. M.'s control: "Hav'n't you got any slate-pencil?"

Dr. A.: "No. There is a bit of black-lead in; can't you write with that?"

Dr. M.'s control: "Don't like it. Shall we get a bit of your own?"

Dr. A.: "Yes."

Dr. M.'s control: "My medium will carry the slates round and place them on the Doctor's head. There; it is done!"

Candle brought. The slates (which had never been out of sight of the whole circle) untied. Inside was the word "darling," written in

a large, rather trembling hand, as if with *slate-pencil*, but there was none visible.

Dr. M.'s control: "Tell me the Christian name of some friend you would like to be here."

Dr. A.: "Sophia."

Dr. M.'s control: "She *is* here; and there is an old man with her, of dignified appearance. He is sorry for you about something; I think it is about money. He has such a curious thing on his head, a crown with points upwards, and little balls on them."

Dr. A.: "Will he give his name?"

Dr. M.'s control: "He says he will try and write it himself."

The medium asks for a piece of note paper, holds it in his hand a minute, places it on the table, and a pocket pencil about three inches long by it. The pencil moves, no one touching it. It makes feeble attempts to rise. Finally it succeeds, and we see it stand up by itself, and write as with a firm hand for a few seconds, and then fall down again. Dr. A. takes up the paper, and finds written the name * * * * *, that of a deceased nobleman with whom he had been professionally connected, and who was a relative of the lady whose name he had given, and whose rank was correctly indicated by the "curious crown."

Mr. Bennett is familiar with these phenomena, and refers them to the action of unembodied spirits, using the phraseology common to those who share this belief. He is no enthusiast, but a calm and capable observer. Nor are his records singular. I am happy to be able to call in corroboration a sceptical witness, one who is not familiar with these phenomena, who approaches them with suspicion, and is guarded in his statements, most especially in his conclusions. His prepossessions, at any rate, are not excited in our favour. My witness is a reporter for the *Malvern News*. The Psychic in this case also is Monck; and the place where the experiment took place was a house in Malvern, "into which he had never entered till the evening" in question. The account, somewhat abridged, reads thus:—

Shortly after six o'clock, several ladies and gentlemen having assembled, most of them strangers to each other, sat down to an oblong deal table, which had been covered with a thick Witney blanket, the usual cover being used as a blind to darken the windows. Every particle of natural light had been shut out, and the gas turned on full. After the party had sat for some time, Dr. Monck asked for a pencil and some writing-paper. Three of the former were placed at his disposal, and he selected ours. A piece of paper was folded up, on which the pencil was put. He then borrowed some handkerchiefs, and selected ours, which he carelessly threw over the pencil and paper. In the full glare of the gas-light the pencil rose and stood upright, Dr. Monck's hands at this time

being placed on his head. He removed the handkerchief, and there stood the pencil, but no writing was on the paper. A sceptical gentleman thought the pencil was sticking into the table through the blanket. At the request of Dr. Monck he lifted it up, examined it, and put it down again. It was no sooner released than it rose up again, and wrote on the paper a sentence, in the sight of all, respecting the unfavourable conditions.

Here it will be noticed that the light was ample for observation, and that the requisite darkness for the production of the writing was obtained without any interference with facilities for exact investigation. The report concludes with a confession on the part of the reporter of inability to explain how the results "witnessed by nine sane ladies and gentlemen" were produced. "As some of them," he adds, "are well known in Malvern, they can contradict us if we have stated what is not true."

With the same Psychic, the editor of *The Medium*, Mr. James Burns, of the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, W.C., had a noteworthy experiment, which he thus records. The persons present were himself and his wife, and the place was his own house:—

I had on the table before me several sheets of note-paper, on which I was taking notes. Dr. Monck took up a blank sheet and tore it in halves. One of these he folded up into an eighth of its original size by doubling it three times. Thus crumpled up, he placed it under a white handkerchief which lay on the table immediately before him. An ordinary elongating pocket pencil was then put beside the paper. This pencil had a screw at the point for propelling and withdrawing the lead, the handle was of a dark colour, and it had a white bone top. The light at this part of the séance was not on full, as it had been at some other parts, but there was sufficient for me to read my pencil notes. Dr. Monck, with his right hand, placed the pencil under the handkerchief, and continued to move his fingers about over the handkerchief for a few seconds. We were all intently looking for whatever might result, when Mrs. Burns exclaimed that the pencil was writing. I saw it standing up in a sloping position, with the point towards me, but as the handkerchief interposed between my view and the point of the pencil, I could not see what it was doing. Before I had much time for reflection, I saw that the pencil, besides being sloping with the point towards me, was in a violent state of motion from side to side, as if it were held by the middle and rapidly vibrated. This movement was not quite regular; sometimes the jerks made by the pencil would be longer, sometimes shorter, and complicated by movements not all in one direction. While I was trying to comprehend what this could mean, I saw it stand still, and then move gently from side to side. Mrs. Burns and Dr. Monck said, "It is crossing a word," and again the

rapid vibration went on as before. In a few seconds more the pencil fell, and the handkerchief was removed, and the paper was found opened out and covered with pencil-writing in a vigorous hand.

Dr. Monck now took out his folding-slate, and gave it to me to clean. I did so carefully. He took a small crumb of slate-pencil and inclosed it between the leaves of the slate. Dr. Monck's hand was then moved towards me, till it rested on my arm. Then it ascended to my shoulder, and lastly on to my head, where I heard and felt the tremor of writing going on in the folded slate. Shortly it was finished, and when opened a message was found written, occupying both sides of the slate.

The writing on paper took three minutes to transcribe, but it was written in about one-third of that time. The paper bore the distinctive mark of the packet from which the sheet had been taken, and one of the observers was able to watch the whole process of writing.

The slate-writing is notable on account of the evidence from two senses which attested its production.

This seems to be the place to quote a case of writing executed by a luminous hand, which was visible to at least four persons. I complicate my evidence somewhat by the introduction of a new species of Psychical phenomena, that of luminous appearances, and of hands not those of any person present. Such facts, however, are familiar to those who have witnessed these phenomena, and are attested by exact and precise observations.

The account (*Spiritualist*, Oct. 13, 1876) is written by the late Mr. H. D. Jencken, barrister-at-law, and the psychic was his wife, the Kate Fox of the early history of this subject. The house where the experiment was made was that of Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the *Art Journal*. The date was Sept. 6, 1876. Nine persons were present, including Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo, and Dr. Netherclift, of the Chelsea Infirmary.

Several efforts by the unseen beings had been made to give us "direct writing." Finally, we were ordered to hold each other's hands, and to contract the circle by drawing close up to the table. A luminous, small, beautifully-shaped hand then descended from the side at which I was sitting, that is to say, at the opposite side to Mrs. Jencken. The hand seized a pencil which was lying on the table and wrote the letters "E. W. E."

The power of holding the pencil then evidently failed. The pencil, which had been held between the forefinger and the third finger, dropped on the table, and the hand raised itself high overhead, and disappeared. After a short pause it reappeared, descended, touched the table, took hold of the pencil, and wrote the words "God bless

y—." At the letter *y* the strength again appeared to give way, the pencil dropped, the hand rose quickly, and was gone.

I have witnessed so many instances of direct spirit writing, that this additional instance would have been of but little attraction to me, but for the fact that others also witnessed the manifestations, some of whom were not Spiritualists, but merely witnesses. This gave interest to this séance. The hand was distinctly seen by Dr. Netherclift, Mrs. Mayo, Mr. Mayo, and others present; each of those present saw it from a different point of view; in other words, its objectivity was distinctly observed.

The luminosity around the wrist was singularly beautiful. The circumstances under which this direct writing happened were exceptionally favourable, as a test of the reality of what occurred. The sitting took place at the residence of Mr. Hall; those who were present retained the greatest self-composure. The medium was seated facing the direction whence the hand descended; the writing was done in the centre of the table, around which we were seated; the position of the hand was at right angles to Mrs. Jencken. I name these circumstances to meet in advance any theory of optical delusion, hallucination, or any other hypothesis to explain what happened.

These instances might be greatly multiplied. I do not propose to adduce more evidence of this kind, however, having other which advances my argument a step further. I have shown that the evidence of one sense attests the reality of Psychography. I now proceed to bring forward cases where the writing is heard as the pencil grates upon the slate.

II. BY THE SENSE OF HEARING.

In almost all cases where writing is produced by use of the pencil, I believe the process may be heard, especially when a slate is used. The evidence of a majority of observers makes mention of the grating noise which accompanied the writing. In several cases great pressure is used, and the pencil is appreciably worn away, remaining, too, not unfrequently, at the end of the last letter of the dusty, dry writing, that shows plainly enough how it has been employed. From a great number of cases I select the following, giving precedence to those which record experiments with Slade, and among them to the detailed narrative of the then President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, the late Serjeant Cox:—

Having undertaken to examine without prejudice or prepossession, and to report faithfully, without favour, in a purely judicial spirit, any alleged psychological phenomena that might be submitted to me as President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, I narrate without comment what I witnessed at a sitting with Dr. Slade this afternoon.

I sat alone with him, at three o'clock, in a room at 8 Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, into which the sun shone brightly, at a table about five feet by four, having four legs, no ledge below, and no cloth upon it. Dr. Slade sat at one side of this table, sideways, so that his legs and feet were not under the table, but his whole body fully in my view as he faced me. I sat at the side, the corner of the table being between us. As I sat I could see half-way below the table, and by moving my head slightly, I could see the whole space below, which was wholly exposed in full daylight. An ordinary drawing-room chair was about six inches from the table on the opposite side, six feet from Dr. Slade. A heavy arm-chair was in the corner of the room, about the same distance from him and from the table. A slate of the ordinary school size and a piece of slate pencil were upon the table.

Instantly upon taking our seats very loud rapping came upon the floor. This was followed by a succession of furious blows upon the table, jarring my hands as they were laying upon it. These blows were repeated at any part of the table desired, by merely touching that spot with the finger, while the blows, as forcible as if given by a sledge hammer, were being made. Dr. Slade's hands, were on the table upon my hands, and his whole body to his feet was fully before my eyes. I am certain that not a muscle moved. Then he took the slate after I had carefully inspected it, to be assured that no writing was upon it, and placing there a piece of slate pencil, the size of a small grain of wheat, he pressed the slate tightly below but against the slab of the table. Presently I heard the sound as of writing on a slate. The slate was removed, and on it a zigzag line was drawn from end to end.

* * * * *

Blows of a more gentle kind upon the table, attended with a remarkable quivering of it, announced, as he said, that his wife was present, and desired the slate. After the slate had been carefully cleaned, it was laid upon the top of the table, with a like piece of pencil under it. Upon the slate he placed his right hand, and I placed my left hand, and with my other hand I held his left hand as it lay upon the table. As my hand lay upon the slate, I could feel, and I did also distinctly hear, something writing upon it. The communication was evidently a long one; but before I report the result, I desire to note here a remarkable phenomenon, to my mind the most suggestive that attended this experiment.

It is necessary clearly to understand the position of the parties, therefore I repeat it.

Dr. Slade and myself sat face to face. One hand of each of us was laid upon the slate. The side of the slate that was being written upon was pressed by us against the table. Our second hands were linked together, and lay upon the table. While this position was preserved, the writing proceeded without pause. When Dr. Slade removed his hand from mine it ceased instantly, and as instantly

was renewed when his hand and mine met. This experiment was repeated several times, and never failed.

Here, then, was a chain or circle formed by my arms and body, and Dr. Slade's arms and body, the slate being between us, my hand at one end of it, his hand at the other end, and between our hands, and upon the slate that connected them, the writing was. When the chain was broken forthwith the writing ceased. When the chain was reformed the writing was at once resumed. The effect was instantaneous. In this curious fact we must seek the clue to this psychological mystery.

Some rapid rappings, indicating that the writing was finished, the slate was lifted, and in a clear and perfectly distinct writing the following was read. It filled the whole side of the slate:—

DEAR SERJ.,—You are now investigating a subject that is worthy of all the time you or any other man of mind can devote to its investigation. When man can believe in this truth, it will in most cases make him a better man. This is our object in coming to earth, to make man and woman better, wiser, and purer.—I am truly,
A. W. SLADE.

Again the slate was cleaned and laid upon the table as before, my hand upon it. In a few seconds the following sentence was written. Considerable power was used in this writing, and I could distinctly feel the pressure of the pencil as every word was written:—

I am Dr. John Forbes. I was the Queen's physician. God bless you.
J. FORBES.

Again the slate was cleaned and held under the table tight against the wood, one half of it projecting beyond the edge, so that I might be assured that it was tightly pressed against the wood; but the slate was seized, and with great force drawn away and rapidly raised above me and placed upon my head. In this position the sound of writing upon it was distinctly heard by me. On removing it, I found written upon it the following words:—

Man must not doubt any more, when we can come in this way.
J. F., M.D.

Then the large arm-chair rushed forward from the corner of the room in which it had been placed, to the table.

Again the slate was placed under the table, and projecting from it. A hand twice seized and shook my leg, both of the hands of Dr. Slade being at the moment before me, and his whole person visible.

Thus ended this experiment. All that I have reported was *done*, that is certain. How it was done, and by what agency, is a problem for psychology to solve. For my own part I can only say that I was in the full possession of my senses; that I was wide awake; that it was in broad daylight; that Dr. Slade was under my observation the whole time, and could not have moved hand or foot without being detected by me.

That it was not a self-delusion is shown by this, that any person who chooses to go may see almost the same phenomena. I offer no opinion upon their causes, for I have formed none. If they be

genuine, it is impossible to exaggerate their interest and importance. If they be an imposture, it is equally important that the trick should be exposed in the only way in which trickery can be explained, by doing the same thing, and showing how it is done.

August 8th, 1876.

Mr. George King, of 11 St. George's Terrace, Gloucester Road, S.W., notes in his narrative, which I append, the fact which I have just mentioned—viz., that in his experience the crumb of pencil invariably remains at the end of the writing. This affords a strong presumption that the pencil is really used:—

At five o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, 18th November last, I repaired, by appointment, to the house of Dr. Slade. I had determined to take with me a slate of my own, and on the way I tried in four or five shops to find one to my mind. At last I secured what satisfied me—a folding slate with a varnished wooden case of somewhat peculiar construction. Each of the two flaps was seven and three-quarters inches long, by five inches wide, and had a three-quarter inch frame all round, which projected one-tenth inch above the surface. When the slate was folded there was, therefore, between the leaves a completely inclosed cavity about one-fifth inch deep, and nearly air-tight. The slate was done up in a paper parcel by the shopman, and tied with twine.

Thus armed, I presented myself at Dr. Slade's door, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where were Dr. Slade, Mr. Simmons, and two ladies. Dr. Slade and Mr. Simmons were sitting by the fire, and they invited me to take a chair beside them. Dr. Slade shortly said it was time to "light up," and he retired to a small adjoining parlour. In less than two minutes he returned and asked me to follow him. The parlour was brilliantly lighted by a gaselier suspended over a small, rickety, mahogany table in the centre of the room, and the gas remained at full power during the rest of our sitting. I examined the table, turning it over for the purpose. It had four legs attached to a frame, and was about three-and-a-half feet by two feet wide, exclusive of a flap on each side. The flap and its appurtenances on the side opposite to that at which I sat was much shattered, as if by violent usage, but on my side there did not appear to be any breakage. The flap against which I sat must originally have been intended to rest on two brackets, but one of these had been removed, so that under the corner of the raised flap which was between me and Dr. Slade there was no impediment whatever. We sat down, I against a flap of the table, with my back to the fire-place; Dr. Slade at the end of the table, on my left, with his face towards me, his left shoulder towards the table, and his legs projecting towards the fire-place. I produced my slate, and undid the wrapper. Dr. Slade had it for one instant open in his hand, but in my full view, as he dropped upon its clean surface a minute crumb of pencil. The slate was then firmly closed, and to my certain

knowledge remained so till I opened it myself in the drawing-room half-an-hour afterwards. Dr. Slade proposed that it should be tied up, to which I, of course, assented. He got a piece of twine from the chimney-piece, and, while the slate was in my hands and his, the leaves were securely tied together, and the twine double knotted. Dr. Slade placed his left hand with both mine on the table, and for a few minutes held my slate in his right, but in my full view. I watched it intently all the time. He said there was a power which prevented him from putting it under the table even if he would. After a short time, as nothing came, Dr. Slade placed my slate on the table, under my left arm, and my left elbow rested on it almost till the close of the sitting. Dr. Slade never touched it again. He took a slate of his own, with a crumb of pencil on its surface, and passed it out of sight under the table, saying, "Our friends have done nothing for us yet. Perhaps they do not want to write on the gentleman's slate while I hold it. Will they write while the slate is under his arm and I am not touching it?" For a second of time scratching was heard on Dr. Slade's slate, and, when it was brought up, the words were on it "We will." He then joined his right hand to my left, his left still clasping my right, and instantly within my slate the sound of writing became audible, and continued for about ten minutes. At frequent intervals I put my ear close to the slate to listen, and there could be no mistake. The sound was low, but very distinct, and I specially noted that we could recognise the crossing of the "t's," dotting of the "i's," and the insertion of the punctuation. It seemed as if a person were writing not rapidly, but steadily and deliberately, without jerk or pause. Two loud raps on the table announced the conclusion of the message. Dr. Slade then passed his own large slate, apparently perfectly clean and dry, half under the table, but so that I could see the other half and his hand holding it. My own slate meanwhile I placed beside my right elbow to be out of the way. Dr. Slade asked, "Can you do more for us to-night?" A scratching was heard, and the word "cannot" appeared on that portion of the upper side of his slate which had been beneath the table. The "c" was close to the side of the slate nearest to me, and far out of reach of Dr. Slade's hand, and the word was written not horizontally but perpendicularly towards Dr. Slade. The "t" was carefully crossed, and the fragment of the pencil lay where it had stopped, just at the end of the cross stroke of the "t."

We returned to the drawing-room, I carrying my own slate, and there I cut the string that bound it, and within I found a long message, entirely filling both sides of the slate and consisting of ninety-nine words, besides the signature "A. W. Slade." It was carefully written in a good firm hand, and the lines were straight and even. Each "t" was accurately crossed and each "i" was dotted. The crumb of pencil, too, was there, with one end worn away as if in writing.

Had only a few words been scrawled on my slate, it would have been, under the circumstances, astonishing, but the result actually

obtained is simply confounding, when it is remembered that the quickest penman, with every facility for writing, cannot put down on paper in long hand, with every word at full length, more than about twenty words per minute, and that writing on a slate, where there is more friction, occupies more time. By whomsoever it was done, this message must have taken *at least* five minutes to produce; but Dr. Slade had not the slate for that length of time in his hand—and, be it repeated, it had never left my sight—and for less than five seconds only was it open. As already explained, it was, except for one instant, firmly tied up with twine.

It is impossible to describe the jealous care with which I watched to detect deceit. I could discover none, nor the possibility of any. I had gone with my mind full of the evidence given in court by Messrs. Lankester and Donkin, but their alleged exposure was quite inapplicable to what took place in my presence.

On December 15th I had again an opportunity, in conjunction with a few friends, of testing Dr. Slade's alleged mediumship. We sat in our own room, at our own table, and used our own slates, one ordinary school slate, and one folding book-slate. As the *séance* was not so completely under my personal control as the previous one, it is not worth while describing it with so great minuteness. Suffice it to say that I sat next Dr. Slade, on his right hand, and that, as he always held the slate in that hand when he placed it under the table, I had every opportunity of closely watching him. We had a number of very short messages, sometimes on one slate, sometimes on the other. I observed a mark on the school slate, which, on those occasions when the slate was not passed entirely out of sight, enabled me to say positively that the writing was done on the *upper* side, and not on the under. One little circumstance seems to me very remarkable: I have already alluded to it above. When one of these messages appears, the crumb of pencil invariably remains at the point where it stops after writing the communication, forming a perfect continuation of the last stroke of the last letter. This fact, trifling in itself, to my mind, goes far to prove that the message has been written with that identical piece of pencil, and on the upper side of the slate. I do not see how otherwise it could be placed instantaneously in position with such mathematical accuracy.

The messages always purport to emanate from some invisible being. The major part come in the name of A. W. Slade, the deceased wife of the medium, but other so-called "spirits" are frequently represented, and it is a curious fact that with the change in the name of the penman the character of the handwriting completely changes too. It would be interesting to submit various specimens to a caligraphic expert. The matter of the communications appears to me to be of far less importance than the manner of their coming. The only one of any length received by me was that of ninety-nine words above mentioned. It is couched in somewhat high-flown language, and the subject is the advantages of an assured knowledge of immortality. It is very much such as a person of fair intelligence and education

might utter on being suddenly asked to make a neat little speech to a total stranger.

GEORGE KING.

11 St. George's Terrace, Gloucester Road, S. W.,
December, 18, 1876.

This evidence receives additional corroboration from the further fact that in many cases the pencil is worn away, and great pressure has been evidently used. The following is a case in point:—

“On Sunday morning, October 22nd [1876], at one o'clock, Mr. W. Metherell and Mr. G. De Carteret, of Jersey, had a *séance* with Dr. Slade, at 8 Upper Bedford Place, London, W.C. Dr. Slade produced two new slates, which were perfectly dry, and appeared never to have been used before. They were closely examined by the inquirers. Mr. Metherell then placed them together, with a crumb of pencil between, and Dr. Slade tied them firmly to each other, while Mr. Metherell held them. The tied slates were then laid on the top of the table, and Dr. Slade touched the frame of the uppermost one with one hand, whilst his other hand was held by those present. The slates never passed out of sight of the observers. A noise like that of writing was then heard, and it appeared to be executed at the ordinary speed. Dr. Slade then requested the two observers to take the slates into the next room, and to open them in the presence of two gentlemen who chanced to be there—namely, Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Didsbury, near Manchester, and Mr. W. H. Harrison, of *The Spiritualist*. The strings were accordingly cut in their presence, and the inner sides of the slates were found to be filled completely from top to bottom, and from edge to edge—with writing, including about seventy words altogether. The writing had manifestly been produced with a piece of slate pencil applied to the surface of the slate with considerable pressure.”

In attestation of the truth of the foregoing statement, we append our signatures.

WM. METHERELL.

CHARLES BLACKBURN.

GEO. DE CARTERET.

W. H. HARRISON.

Mr. Wedgwood, late J.P. for Middlesex, who has had a large experience in the observation of these phenomena, relates how he obtained writing in Greek and English on two new slates, which he had securely tied together. The sense of hearing detected a difference in the sound of the writing from that usually made, and when the slates were untied, this was satisfactorily accounted for by the presence of the Greek characters. The material part of Mr. Wedgwood's evidence is as follows:—

I breathed on the slates, and rubbed them well with my pocket-handkerchief, and putting the rubbed faces together, we tied them up fast with a piece of cord, with a fragment of slate-pencil between them. Thus tied up, the slate was laid flat on the table, without having been taken under it at all, or removed for a moment from

under my eyes. I placed both my hands upon it, and Slade one of his. Presently we heard the writing begin, coming distinctly from the slate as I leaned down my ear to listen to it. It did not sound, however, like running writing, as we both remarked, but like a succession of separate strokes, as if someone was trying to write and could not make his pencil mark, and I expected that it would prove an abortive attempt. It went on, however, with the same kind of sound for a long time, perhaps for six or seven minutes. At last there was a decided change in the sound, which became unmistakably that of rapid writing in a running hand. When this was done, I took the slates into the other room, leaving Slade entranced behind, and untying them, I found that on one face was written in a very good hand the 26th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, in Greek, from the Septuagint, and on the other a message of the usual character in English running hand. The Greek letters, being each written separately, was what had given the broken sound of the former part of the writing, the change from which to the continued sound of running writing had been so striking.

If it be suggested that the slates were really prepared beforehand with some invisible writing which was brought out by the heat of my hand, I answer (independent of other grave objections) that the writing as it stands can be wiped out by the merest touch, and could not possibly in its supposed invisible state have escaped obliteration when the slates were well rubbed by my pocket-handkerchief.

H. WEDGWOOD.

The same result is noted by observers who have carried with them their own slates, and have taken special precautions to prevent deception. A lady, whose name I have no authority to publish, but who is known to me, and who professes her readiness to give private testimony, if desired, records a very interesting experiment with Slade (Aug. 16, 1876), in which she and a friend succeeded in getting writing on her own slate while it lay upon the table in broad light, with her friend's elbow resting upon it. In every case—the experiment was repeated several times—the writer “could distinctly hear sounds of writing on the slate.” The record further proceeds, noting that cessation of writing when the chain was broken by removing the hands, of which I have already spoken:—

Dr. Slade then moved across the room to procure a larger slate; this we examined to satisfy ourselves that there was nothing written upon it. The slate was then placed under the table, with a small piece of slate-pencil upon it, Dr. Slade holding it with his right hand, and my friend with his left. My friend said he kept the slate as close as possible to the table, but the pressure caused by the writing seemed to force it downwards. The result of this was, that shortly a distinct sound of rapid writing was heard upon the slate, and a message of which the following is a copy, was found to have been written:—

Dear Friends,—It is an undeniable fact, that man is more willing to receive the mysterious than he is to receive the plain teaching that appeals to his own reason, and will be approved by it. Now all theologians of the present day have the Bible for their foundation; they *all* differ. Now as they express the Bible, it is the most mysterious book man's eyes ever beheld; everything there set down is clothed in mystery, when you look at it from *this standpoint*. Christ told the multitudes that he came to establish a new law—that he came to fulfil a mighty mission—but how few that follow his teaching, or follow his laws of love. Spiritualism comes and brings its own proof, as this letter is proof of the presence of

A. W. SLADE.

This message covered the whole side of the slate, which had been *next* to the table. The lines were close together, and extremely evenly kept. We were conversing with Dr. Slade more or less all the time the writing continued, and I noticed that whenever I loosed his hand, the writing ceased; when I again held it, it continued.

I was anxious to have a few words written upon my slate while I alone held it, which I might presume to show to my friends. Dr. Slade requested me to move near him, so I changed places with my friend, and held the slate with my left hand close under the table. The medium first made a few passes down my left arm with his right hand, then placed it so that all our five hands met in the centre of the table, the only one which was invisible being my left, which was holding the slate. In this position, and while my foot was upon the medium's left foot, his other to be plainly seen, I heard and felt the pencil writing, and on looking found upon my slate, which had been held by my own hand alone, "Good bye; God bless you.—ALLIE."

The same results, I may here add, are obtained by Slade at the present time. *La Renovation*, a paper published in Belgium, published, some time since, a long article detailing the experience of Canon X. Mouls with Slade. The usual examination of the table, and preparation of slate and fragment of pencil, having taken place, Slade held the slate under the table. "Suddenly," says the Canon, "we heard a kind of grating noise, and presently a knock, which signified that the slate could be withdrawn. Upon it were two sentences, one in French, the other in English." On another occasion, the Canon took his own slate, held it himself, and again distinctly heard writing going on. What was written was found to be a long extract from the New Testament, beautiful in caligraphy, and with the straight lines exactly preserved.

The Baroness von Vay, a name well known to English investigators of these subjects, lately writes to a friend, after having seen Slade at the Hague, whither he went after his departure from England:—

Our séance with Mr. Slade, at the Hague, was one of the best ones. I am fully convinced, and so is the Baron, of that medium's genuineness and good character.

We sat in full daylight at mid-day, and got spirit-writing upon our *own* slates, Slade holding them upon the Baron's head. He (my

husband) felt the writing upon the top of his head, and we heard it distinctly. Then Slade held it upon the Baron's shoulder, and again a message was written.

Not to multiply instances respecting the phenomena observed with this special Psychic, I pass to records which show that the sense of hearing bears similar testimony to the reality of the phenomena observed with Francis W. Monck.

Mr. George H. Adshead, of Derby, who has had great opportunity of experiment with this Psychic, records (Sept. 17th and 18th, 1876) a remarkable case of the nature now under notice. The meeting was held at 27 Uttoxeter Road, Derby; the light was good, clear gas-light. Present, Mrs. Ford, Mr. Oxley, of Manchester; Mr. W. P. Adshead, of Belper; and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Adshead, of Derby.

Omitting all notice of other phenomena, I notice two cases of Psychography which occurred one on each evening. Mr. Adshead brought and placed a box on the table. A piece of paper was initialled by those present, and placed, together with a lead pencil, in the box, which was then securely tied up with tapes, and these were knotted at the crossings and sealed. On opening the box there were found on the paper several sentences which had been dictated by the company.

After this Mr. W. P. Adshead cleaned a slate, placed some pencil upon it, and held it under the table, in close contact with the top of it. Monck held the other end. Mr. Adshead thus describes what took place:—

We asked that there might be written on the upper surface, "The former things are passed away," "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." We heard the pencil writing, and on bringing the slate up found the above sentences written on it in a clear, neat hand. The experiment was repeated. Mr. Oxley held one end this time, and the sound of writing was heard, and a sentence suggested by one of the company was found written on the clean side of the slate. The slate did not pass from my brother's hand from the moment he held it under the table after cleaning it, until he brought it up with one side covered with writing. Mr. Oxley was equally positive of the same when he held it. They each felt Dr. Monck pulling vigorously at his end of the slate, and they exerted a similar force at their end, so that it was clear that the Doctor's hand was not free, and his disengaged hand was resting on the table.

Séance No. 2, September 18th.—There were eight persons present, three ladies and five gentlemen. A lady whom Dr. Monck had never before seen had a slate passed to her by a sitter, which she examined and found clean, the slate-pencil which was on the table a few minutes before we sat down could not be found. An investigator suggested that it would be a good test if a lead-pencil were used.

Accordingly, a lead-pencil was put on the slate, and the lady held both under the table ; the sound of writing was instantly heard, and in a few seconds a communication had been written, filling one side of the slate. The writing was done in lead, and was very small and neat, and alluded to a strictly private matter. Here were three tests at once :—1. Writing was obtained without the medium (or any other person but the lady) touching the slate from first to last. 2. It was written with lead-pencil at the spontaneous suggestion of another stranger. 3. It gave an important test-communication regarding a matter that was strictly private. Dr. Monck did not so much as touch the slate from first to last.

Mr. E. H. Valter, of 51 Belgrave Road, Birmingham, testifies to the same effect. The senses of both hearing and feeling testified to the fact of the production of the writing at the time of observation.

Dr. Monck asked any person present to clean a small folding-slate. This done, he placed a small fragment of slate-pencil on the slate, and closed it. He then placed it on the head of any of the persons present, and requested them to place their hands upon the slate, so as to be quite certain that it did not go out of their possession. The pencil inside the slate was then both heard by those present to be writing, and the person who had the slate upon his head could also feel the pressure caused by the pencil in writing. The time occupied in writing the communication was only a few seconds, according to its length, but considerably less time than any person could possibly have written it in. These manifestations took place in the light, so that all the movements of Dr. Monck were closely scrutinised. The following are some of the messages given. The words underlined [printed in *Italic*], and also those words with a capital, are exactly as they were written on the slate :—

"Truth is *four square*, and cannot be *displaced*. "SAML."

"Great is the Truth, and it must prevail.

"SAML. August 21st, 1876."

"We love you, and are ever about your paths, studying your well-being, and actively co-operating with you in every good word and work.

"SAML. Tuesday evening, Aug. 22, '76."

"It is as difficult to shut out from humanity the truth of Spirit-intercourse, as to exclude the daylight from this room.

"SAML. Tuesday morning, Aug. 22, '76."

This last communication was given on the morning of the 22nd of August. We had just been observing to each other that the bright rays of sunlight were rather troublesome, so that the message was *à propos*. Many other messages were given, some were written on note-paper, marked by all present, so as to be certain that another paper was not substituted, and under these conditions the messages were still given, in the light, and Dr. Monck's hands clearly in view.

The messages or writings are of the usual type, and I lay no stress upon their substance. I direct attention solely to the

fact of their presence; and I reiterate my desire to seek a solution of the question, How is writing done under such circumstances at all? To say that the matter of the writing is silly does not dispose of the fact that writing is there. By what method is it executed?

I have hitherto alluded only to Slade and Monck as the vehicles of this force, and the Psychics in whose presence these phenomena are produced. Though they afford us, by virtue of their prominence before the public, most available evidence, it must not be supposed that abundant facts of a similar description are not to be found in other quarters. I am precluded from referring to cases where the Psychic is not before the public. For obvious reasons, ladies and gentlemen do not voluntarily expose themselves to the curiosity of those who, only too frequently, reward information given by an incredulous stare, or an insinuation of delusion or imposture. When the plain facts are so far recognised that a profession of belief in their reality does not involve social stigma, or suspicion of a latent craziness, many persons will step forward to give their own testimony. That they do not now do so is not surprising; but the fact remains, though I cannot make use of it for purposes of argument, that these phenomena occur in the privacy of domestic life, are witnessed in many a family where no stranger is admitted, and where no aid in the evolution of the phenomena is sought.

I have records of experiments with two American Psychics, which I adduce here by way of corroboration. The first is given by the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, formerly American Minister at the Court of Portugal, and his experiments were made with Mrs. Harman of San Francisco. The power of obtaining this phenomenon was rapidly developed in her within three weeks, and the progress made was very sudden. The noise made by the act of writing, it will be noted, was different from that observed with Slade, though the more familiar sound of cursive writing could apparently be imitated at will.

Mr. O'Sullivan thus describes what he saw :—

The *modus operandi* was this. The slate (sponged clean, with a small piece of pencil laid upon it, at first like Slade's, but afterwards, by direction, considerably bigger) was held under a common table, about a couple of inches below the table top, she holding one corner between her thumb and fingers, and I supporting it lightly between mine, at the opposite diagonal corner of the slate. Our other hands were on the top of the table. In this situation it is clear that if she relaxed her hold, to make any other use of her fingers, the slate must have dropped instantly to the ground, so light was the support contributed to it by me. Nay, more—I, having once asked to have my

hand touched, there was then written on the slate that I should place my entire hand on the top of the slate, which I did, so that the slate was then held up solely by her thumb and fingers at one corner of it. My hand was then touched, stroked, and patted, and a ring on the little finger taken off, at my request, dropped audibly on the slate, and again put on, with some little difficulty in pushing it over the thickness of the joint.

Sometimes, too, she laid the slate on the open palm of her hand, and then directed me to place my hand under hers, so that the entire back of her hand rested on the palm of mine, both hands thus uniting in holding the slate up to within an inch or two of the under side of the table top. Both of these modes of holding the slate certainly constituted the most complete of test conditions as to the point that the medium's hand could not possibly have had anything to do, either with the touching mine and taking off the ring, or with the copious writing on the slate, which would take place as will be seen below. These things were certainly done by no mortal hand. She and I were alone in the room; the table was a common everyday one, standing on an unbroken spread of carpet: will Dr. Carpenter consider that they come within the reach of "unconscious cerebration"?

Another point as to the *modus operandi*, which differs from the experiences with Dr. Slade. While the slate was being held under the table, we would not hear the scratching of the pencil in the act of writing, *but a steady stream as of rapid little ticks on the slate*, for all the world like the sound of a stream of electric sparks. We would then hear three loud ticks and the sound of the pencil dropping on the slate, as a signal that it was done. We would withdraw the slate, and *there* would be the message, always distinctly written. And yet, on my once remarking on this circumstance as being different from what occurred at Dr. Slade's, and also with Mrs. Francis (another slate-writing medium at San Francisco), the next time we heard, first the flow of the stream of ticks, and then the scratching sound of writing with a slate pencil, as though to show that they could do that too if they chose.

It was also to be noted that a communication of some length would be given in broken parts; even a sentence being sometimes broken off in the middle. The signal for stopping would be given, as though for rest and recuperation of the force. This will be illustrated below. Seldom would more than twenty or twenty-five words be given consecutively without such an intermission, long enough for me to read, expunge, and rub the slate, and again restore it to its position under the table. It seemed as though some force analogous to electricity flowed down the medium's arm, so as to charge the slate and pencil with some spiritual power, so as to establish the conditions under which the spirit hands were able to act. That no mortal hands were or could possibly have been there, was, I repeat, absolutely certain.

There is now before the public in America a Psychic of very great power, Charles E. Watkins, of Cleveland, Ohio. From

several accounts of phenomena observed in his presence, I select now what bears upon my present point, but I shall have reason to recur to him again before my argument is complete.

My friend, Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston, U.S.A., who is indefatigable in his attempts to convince an unwilling world that there is in and around us something more than materialists would have us to believe, has published in the *Spiritualist* of October 12, 1877, a very precise account of his experiments with Watkins. On the 18th of September, he tells us, he bought a new slate, protected by pasteboard covers, and repaired to Watkins' temporary residence, 46 Beach Street, Boston. Apparently Mr. Watkins was in a very unsuitable frame of mind—worried, out of temper, ill at ease—just the worst state, one would say, for hope of success in an experiment which demands, above all, passivity and ease in the Psychic. It does not seem, however, to have made much difference in the present instance.

Mr. Sargent was alone, and the time was about noon on a clear, bright September day. The phenomena all centred in a belief in intercourse with the Spiritual world. Mr. Sargent wrote six names on six different slips of paper, concealing the movement of his hand from Watkins, who, however, had turned his back and made no effort to see what was being written. "Without touching the pellets—only pointing at them with a slate-pencil—Watkins gave the name written on each." Mr. Sargent unfolded them one by one, and found that in every instance he was right. His power of clairvoyance was very strong, and I think it likely that this supersensuous condition is a frequent concomitant of the state in which Psychography becomes possible.

Mr. Sargent's narrative, so far as it bears on my present subject, reads thus:—

He now handed me two slates, which I cleaned thoroughly with a wet towel, which I had asked for. The theory that by some chemical process there might be some writing upon a slate ineffaceable by scrubbing, but made visible after a minute or two, was wholly disproved by subsequent occurrences. Mr. Watkins did not touch the slates after I had washed them. He simply placed a crumb of slate-pencil between them, and told me to hold them out at arm's length. This I did, first satisfying myself once more that they did not bear the mark of a single letter on any of their surfaces. I held the two joined slates out in my left hand, the medium being some four feet distant from them. "Do you hear writing?" asked he. I put my ear down, and distinctly heard the light scratching of the bit of slate-pencil. "It is finished," said he, as a slight rap came on the slate. I did not see how there could have been time for more than a simple name to have been written; but when I took one slate from

the other, there, on the surface of the lower slate, was a letter of *fifty-four words*, signed with the name of a brother, which name I had not written down among those on the pellets. The letter was characteristic, but gave no startling proof of the writer's identity. The hand-writing had a general resemblance to my brother's, but I omitted to take steps to compare it carefully before the writing was rubbed out.

A still better test was in store for me. The little slate, in stiff pasteboard covers, which I had bought an hour before, and brought with me, had rested untouched near my right elbow on the table. Mr. Watkins now took it up, lifted a cover, put a crumb of slate-pencil on the surface of the slate, closed the cover, and handed the slate to me. I *know* that there was no manipulation, no delay, no possibility of trick on his part. I *know* that no "prepossession" or expectancy of my own was a possible factor in the case, if I can be permitted to use my reason in saying so. I looked at the slate on both sides—satisfied myself (though there was no occasion for this under the circumstances) that it had not been tampered with, then held it out, and the name written on it was *Anna Cora Mowatt*, afterwards *Ritchie*, whose funeral I attended at Kensal Green in London, when Mr. Varley, Mr. D. D. Home, Mrs. Cox, Mr. Harrison, and other Spiritualists were present.

I held my own slate out a second time, and then came the words: "*My dear brother.—Yours, Lizzie.*" Her name had not been even written or uttered by me up to this time. *Lizzie* was the name by which we had always called her, though she usually signed herself Elizabeth.

Again I held out my own slate, and there came the words:—"*My dear son, God bless you. Your father, who loves you dearly.—Epes Sargent.*"

During these intervals the slate was held by me, and there was no possible way by which any *human* trick or jugglery could have been practised. The sunshine still streamed into the room; the medium sat there before me; no other person was present. No more stringent conditions could have been demanded, even by Messrs. Lankester and Donkin. The medium, however, writhed as if in torture every time the slate-writing took place. It was evidently accompanied by some powerful nervous excitement on his part.

Mr. Charles E. Watkins is twenty-nine years old, and a man of a highly nervous and sensitive temperament. He is a far different person intellectually from what I had been led to expect. He showed, by flashes, a high order of mind, and I regret that I could not have taken down in shorthand some of his remarks.

He now took my slate, and, after I had re-examined it, he held it out in his own hand, and in less than ten seconds one side was fully covered with a letter from my sister Lizzie. Here it is:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

Spirit-land.

I come to you this morning with my heart full of love for you, and I think that perhaps you may *believe* that it is me, your own sister. George is here with me.

Your loving sister, LIZZIE.

If you ever doubt spirit communion, look at this slate.

Your sister, LIZZIE.

I still have the slate, with the writing uneffaced. There were no punctuation marks, but the word "believe" was underlined. The whole was written in less than twelve seconds.

His brother, Mr. James Otis Sargent, a man of calm and clear mind, a thoroughly capable observer, also went to experiment with Watkins, and his testimony corroborates that of Epes Sargent. He is good enough to send me the following account of an interview with Mr. C. E. Watkins, at his room, No. 46 Beach Street, Boston, on the 10th day of September, 1877:—

Watkins and myself were the only persons present. He handed me some slips of paper on which I wrote the names of five deceased persons, folding up each paper as soon as I had written the name upon it, so that its contents were thoroughly concealed. While I was doing this, W. left the room.

When he came back, the five folded papers, all mixed together, lay on the table under my right hand. Without touching them, he requested me to pick out one of them, and hold it in my left hand. I did so. After walking across the room once or twice, and laying his hand on my head, he told me correctly the name that was written on the paper. In like manner, he told me the names written on the remaining papers, while I held them, one by one, tightly grasped in my hand.

I now threw the papers aside, and took the slates, two of which, precisely alike, were lying on the table. I cleaned each slate carefully on both sides with a damp towel. Watkins then sat down at the table, opposite me, laid one slate on the table, bit off a little piece of slate-pencil and laid it on the slate, put the other slate over it as a cover, placed his two hands flat on that, and told me to put my hands on his which I did. In a moment he drew out his own hands, so that my hands were left with the slates beneath them. Then he said that if I would put my ear down, I would hear the pencil writing. I put my ear down (not forgetting, however, to keep an eye upon him), and I heard distinctly the sound of the pencil. While I was listening, the pencil gave three slight taps, and then the sound stopped.

I lifted the upper slate, and on the under one two communications were written. The first purported to come from a deceased brother, whose name was on one of the papers; the second from my father, whose name I had not written. The handwriting of the two was quite different. I did not recognise it. But the signature of the second communication, in the peculiar form of some of the letters, was like my father's signature. The slates were now cleansed again, the bit of pencil was placed between them, and I held them myself at arm's length, *Watkins not touching them or me.* On opening them

I found a short communication signed with another of the names that I had written. The next time Watkins held the slates, and a message appeared purporting to be from a deceased sister named in one of my papers.

Here the séance ended. It took place in broad daylight. I watched every movement of the medium, and there was no possibility of fraud. There was nothing in the messages by which I could identify them as coming from the persons named; but they were written by some mysterious agency, I have no doubt.

JAMES OTIS SARGENT.

Cedar Square, Roxbury,
Nov. 20, 1877.

Mr. John Wetherbee, of Boston, U.S.A., gives a similar testimony. He is a well-known writer on Psychological subjects, and has devoted prolonged attention to them. Few writers are more entitled to speak on these subjects, or command more attention by their utterances. He testifies thus—

I bought two new slates at a store, and had holes bored in the frames, and tied the two slates together, and sealed the knots. The slates were clean, and the medium never touched or saw the inside of them. I had charge of them, and they were never out of my sight. The room was as light as a clear afternoon sun shining into it could make it. The tied slates lay on the table before me and before him—not under the table, but on the table. It took some little time, for the new slates were not in so good a condition as the slates in his common use are; but I wanted to have the writing on the new slates, so I was patient, and was well paid for my patience, for after a while I heard the atom of pencil that I had put in the slates before tying them together beginning to write, after which I cut the strings, and found one of the slates filled with a communication, signed by the name of a well-beloved friend and relative who died some seven years ago.

Now I know—*first*, that the slates were new and clean; *secondly*, that no one in the room or out of the room (the only occupants being the medium and myself) wrote the communication on the slate; and, *thirdly*, that it must have been done by an invisible, intelligent being or beings, and could not have been done in any other conceivable way. I make this statement as strongly as I know how, and my oath shall be attached if needed.

I had many communications besides the one described with the tied slates. I will describe one which was on his own slates, but just as good a test, for my eyes are open and my head is level. I took *his* two slates, and washed them clean, and laid one on the other, like a double slate, and held them out at arm's length, and three feet or more from the medium, and he never once touched them; the bit of pencil began to write; I had put it between the upper and under slates; then I opened them, and on each slate was an intelligent communication—one from a relative and one from a friend. Both, it will be seen, were written at the same time, both by different

spirits and on different subjects, and the handwriting of each was very different also.

Dr. H. B. Storer, 29 Indiana Place, Boston, has the same story to tell. I give his record:—

I took his own two slates; first examining them, to know, as I positively do, that there was no writing upon them. I placed them together, the medium simply dropping a crumb of slate-pencil between them, and held them at arm's length in my left hand, in the bright light of the sun, the medium sitting within about three feet of the slate, convulsively writhing, while the noise of scratching was feebly heard, apparently on the slates. In some two or three minutes, I should think, he said: "It is done," and I separated the slates and found a short message, written in a large, bold hand, and signed "Dr. Warren." I know that some invisible but intelligent being, other than the medium or myself, wrote that message, and such a being I call a spirit.

Mr. Chester A. Greenleaf writes from Chicopee, Mass., under date, Nov. 14th, 1877:—

My wife received a long communication on new double slates bought and screwed together by myself, and untouched by Watkins. The moving of the tiny pencil was heard by her while Watkins was standing in a doorway about twelve feet distant from where the slates were held by her.

Mr. Watkins seems to obtain this phenomena under almost any prescribed condition. It is recorded of him (Aug. 25, 1877) that he submitted his powers to a crucial testing on the public platform. Two new slates were bought, and kept in the possession of the chairman of the meeting, Dr. Beals, and by him carried to the platform. A committee, consisting of two gentlemen who are not believers in the phenomena called Spiritual, and one who is, was chosen from the audience. The usual preparations having been made, the slates were held by Watkins and the three gentlemen. "Soon the scratch of the pencil was heard, and on taking the slates apart, a message of fifty words was found on one of them; the committee affirming the impossibility of any substitution of slates, or of chemical writing."

(To be continued.)

LIKE the Nazarene, Spiritualism comes not to destroy any law, or to undervalue any inspired utterance; on the contrary, it bears witness to the truth. The central feature of Christ's teaching, and the fact to which His whole life led, was the immortality of life brought to light. Spiritualism does not destroy that truth: it re-affirms it, gives it broader utterance, deeper and wider signification. To deny it would be treason to our own experience.—*A New Basis of Belief.*

CONVITO:
THE INVITATION TO THE FEAST OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

By M. C. T. G.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft;
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory
That I beheld her not.—*Shelley.*

ENGAGED, as most people are, in outer occupations and with the inevitable unceasing cares of this life, it becomes almost impossible—in the few moments of leisure that we do get—to enter that other world, the world of Thought which we acknowledge to be the world of permanent Realities; that other world where dwell the Ideal and the actualities of Faith, and, in short, the roots of all those things, of which we see only the branches here.

But how can we enter that world? Is there any process by which we may find this Reality? Many of us have already striven to hew water for ourselves out of the driest of rocks, from authors of every kind, and even from table-tilts, but all is unsatisfactory. There seems no incantation or words of mighty spell wherewith we may open these weird invisible gates which separate the Outer from the Inner. We fear the process—what ever it be—must be a long one; the Initiation seems lengthy; and we desire to know how those accomplished it who have entered in. It may be some help to us to learn how any one mortal has passed through the mystic doors, so that he has seen, and lived in, that Other World.

Dante, the seer and the poet, stands foremost among those initiated few who have passed behind the Veil: who have opened for themselves springs of eternal water, and have been able thence to drink again and again, as that unquenchable thirst (which is at once the result of our divinity as well as of our humanity) came over them from time to time.

It is not to be supposed that any seer or prophet can perceive (and still less reveal) the truth as it is in God. St. Paul was philosopher enough to know that; and the utmost he professed to teach was the truth as it is in Jesus. So, from the seer Dante we must accept such revelations as were compatible with the limitations of his nature and generation. But what he did find, how he passed from mere Outer to Inner perceptions, and by what processes and experiences he obtained that entrance, are all well worth our study. We shall probably be daunted by his experiences, for all the affections of a rarely ardent nature, all noble social ambitions, all fancies of an

exuberant imagination were burnt in a fierce crucible before he found himself in that Realm, and entered into joyous peace.

In a former number of this *Review* I attempted a short psychologic study of the mind of Dante as regards Beatrice, but the subject is not speedily exhausted, and his spiritual consciousness, as detailed in the *Convito* (or *Invitation to a Banquet*) is of yet greater interest and importance to any who are seeking to enter this Inner Life. For in the *Convito* they will see how Dante's thoughts took form, and presented themselves to him as individuals, and how he rejoiced in their society, and yet never lost his dual consciousness, that they were at once immortal beings, and yet the produce of his own brain. The *Convito* was written subsequently to the *Vita Nuova*, and its subject is the consolation and companionship which he found "after the exaltation of Beatrice to heaven;" in another, "*Donna della sua mente*." This latter lady of his mind was Philosophy itself.

The whole process of his thought is laid open in the *Convito*, which is, indeed, a storehouse of refreshing thoughts; a feast (as Dante himself says) to which he invites his friends, and not only gives them food, but also a discourse on each idea which he presents for their mental digestion.

The work is divided into four treatises, the first being mainly an apology for writing in Italian instead of Latin. The second treatise opens with one of the proposed dishes for the feast—a lovely poem. The third and fourth treatises are of the same style—a poem, followed by many chapters of comment and explanation.

He opens his work with reference to the metaphysics of Aristotle, thus:—"As says the Philosopher in the principles of the primary philosophy—'*all men naturally desire to know*.' "The reason of which probably is, that everything imprinted by Providence in our nature has a disposition to perfect itself, hence, as Science (knowledge) is the ultimate perfection of the Soul, and in which rests our final happiness, all things around us are objects of its desire. But truly many of us are hindered from this most noble perfection by divers causes which (some without and some within the man) keep him from the practice of Science or habit of acquiring knowledge. Within the man may be two causes for this deficiency, one bodily, the other mental; bodily—if he be deaf or dumb or by any means unresponsive; mentally—if evil rules his soul, so that it follows vicious pleasures, from which it suffers such terrible delusions that all things turn to evil."

"And externally there may be two causes which keep him from the habit of learning; one, inevitable circumstances; the

other, mere idleness and self-neglect. The inevitable hindrances may be family or civic duties which—rightly enough—occupy the majority of people, so that they have not leisure for speculative thought; the idleness may be caused by a person's surroundings, so that he has neither a habit of contemplation nor the companionship of studious people. It is useless to vituperate against the inevitable causes of ignorance; but a vicious disposition and idleness of thought cannot be too much censured." . . . "Now, who ever considers all these cases will perceive there are but few who can attain the habit of studious thought, which, nevertheless, we all desire; and innumerable are the hindrances to one sitting at that Feast for which, hungering, we all pine. Ah, blessed are those few who do sit at the feast where may be eaten the bread of angels! Ah, sad for those who have to feed with the common herd! But since, naturally, every man is friendly to every man, and every one regrets the misfortune of those he loves, so those happy ones who are invited to such a Feast are not without compassion towards them who go feeding with animals on tares and roots. And since Pity is the Mother of Benevolence, so we find that those who have knowledge always willingly give of their riches to the truly poor; and, indeed, they are almost, in themselves, that living fountain whose waters cool our quenchless thirst" (cf. *Purg: 21-14a sete naturale che mai non sazia, etc.*). "And even I—who am not seated at that blessed feast, but who, having fled from the common herd, gather food from the feet of those who are seated—even I have preserved for the miserable ones some of that which I have received. And that I may prepare them for these exquisite viands, I intend to give a general account of that which they will have, and of the bread to be mixed with this rich meat, without which they could not eat it; and the bread is worthy of the meat. And I would that no one should come to my feast whose organs are ill-disposed, or who lacks teeth or palate; nor that a follower of evil should come; for such my food will not suit."

Then commences the first poem of which I venture to offer the following crude translation, simply because, without it the many of the subsequent ideas will be unintelligible:—

"Ye, who with intelligence move the third heaven,
List to the reasoning which goes on in my heart;
For I know not how else to call this new sensation.
That sphere which follows your guidance,—
Gracious Beings as ye are—
Has led me to this condition in which I am now,
Therefore meet it seems that to you
I should speak of my condition.

I will tell you news about my heart,
 And how my sad soul wept within,
 And how a spirit talked and reasoned with her,—
 A spirit who came on the rays of your Star.

“Of my sorrowing heart, one sweet thought
 Had become the very life, a thought which oftentimes
 Wandered to the feet of your Lord,
 Where it saw a glorious lady of whom
 It spoke so gently to me that my soul said, ‘To her I must go.’
 But now appeared one who caused that thought to fly,
 And who rules me with such power
 That my heart trembles sensibly.
 This one made me look at a lady,
 And spake, ‘Let him who would see health
 Look in the eyes of this fair dame
 If he fear not anguish and sighs.’

“The humble thought which so oft had spoke
 To me of that Angel who is now crowned in heaven
 Finds this new appearance distressing.
 And the soul weeps, so does it still grieve;
 And says—‘Ah woe is me! Why flies
 That pitiful one who had consoled me?’
 Of my eyes asks this aggrieved one,
 ‘What hour was it that such a lady saw them,
 And why not confide in me about her?’
 I replied, ‘Even in the eyes of this one,
 There lives that which kills such as I,
 And little does it signify that I was forewarned,
 Or that I did not gaze so that I am killed.’

“‘Thou art not dead, but wounded sore,
 Oh soul of ours that thus lamenteth thee,’
 Replied a little kindly spirit of love;
 ‘For this bright dame whose power thou feel’st
 Has so transformed all thy life,
 That thou dost fear lest she should evil be.
 But see how meek and pitiful she is,
 How wise and courteous in her majesty,
 And learn to call her “gracious Dame.”
 Thou fear’st lest evil she should prove to be;
 But if thou failest not, her wilt thou see
 Adorned with such high marvel that thou’lt say,
 “Love, truest Lord, I am thy servant, deal
 with me as thou wilt.”’

“My song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
 Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning:
 Of such hard matter dost thou entertain.
 Whence (if by misadventure) chance should bring
 Thee to base company (as chance may do),
 Quite unaware of what thou dost complain,
 I prithee comfort thy sweet self again,
 My last delight! Tell them that they are dull,
 And bid them own that thou art beautiful.”*

* I have given Shelley’s translation of this last stanza which he uses
 as a fitting prelude to his exquisite and mystic Epipsychidion.

The involutions and nature of this poem make it difficult even in Italian: and I am aware that this unworthy translation only renders the obscurity greater. Dante proceeds in his treatise to explain that he has two explanations at least to this poem. "For it is to be understood that writings have four meanings: the first is literal, in which the words bear their vigorous natural sense; the second is allegoric: and this is hidden under the mantle of this poem: as, in Ovid, it says that Orpheus with his lyre made the wild beasts and trees to move to him, the meaning is that with his voice he moved the cruel and the stolid hearts of men. The third meaning is a moral one: and this is what should be sought for in the Holy Scriptures, as where it says in the gospel that—of the twelve apostles—Christ took only three when he went up the mountain to be transfigured: by which, morally, we may understand that in the most sacred things we can have but few companions. The fourth meaning of a writing is beyond reason, Anagogic: and that is when it has not only a literal meaning but also an absolute spiritual one (not merely allegoric or deductive); and where, while it states facts of external life, also states facts of the supernal things of heavenly life; as in the song of the Prophet it says that when Israel went out of Egypt, Judah was made holy and free. Historically this was true; it is also true that when the soul goes up out of sin it is made holy and unlimited in its power."

Recurring to his poem, Dante says that in the literal sense he did see a "lady who took possession of my mind after the death of that blessed Beatrice who lives in heaven with the angels, and on earth with my soul"; and that by "*the third heaven*" he means Venus, and that his "*sad soul and the spirit*" which argued with it are nothing else but two different thoughts, one inclining to the new lady and one to the remembrance of Beatrice." But in the second, allegoric or *real* sense, Dante says that by "*heaven or spheres*" he means science and sciences; and by the third heaven he means "Rhetoric, which may be compared to the sphere of Venus, because it is so clear and more sweet to contemplate than any other."

After this explanation, the reader is prepared to learn that though Beatrice remains, individually, Beatrice, still the "new lady of his mind" is Philosophy, "who truly is a lady full of sweetness, ornamented with candour, marvellous to know, glorious in freedom.* The eyes of this lady are her demonstrations, which look straight into the eyes of our *Intellects*,

* Trattato ii., chapter xvi.

and enamour our souls set free from human limitations. Oh most sweet and ineffable eyes, welcome robbers are ye of that human soul which has but once gazed at them (your demonstrations), if once ye have spoken to your chosen ones! Truly in you is safety and health, by which he who looks at you is made blessed, and is thus saved from the death of ignorance and vice! . . . By this line, '*If he fear not anguish and sighs*,' I mean, if he fear not the labour of study, and the strife of those questionings which surge up on the first glances of the lady, as morning mists appear at sunrise; but her further gaze clears them all up, like the dry atmosphere under meridian heat. And by the word *Love* in this allegory I mean always *Study*, which is the devotion of the soul to that of which it is enamoured."

These few quotations from the earlier parts of the work will, I hope, awake a desire in any who do not yet know the *Convito* to study it. Amid the quaint scholasticisms of the fourteenth century, amid amusing astronomical mistakes, and from amid other obscurities there dart forth rays of truth, so bright, so clear, that one sees that either Dante was deeply initiated in the mysteries of the Cabala or his pen was inspired. His vision of Essential Being in the seventh heaven; his description of Knowledge and Wisdom (*Sapienza* and *Philosophia*) intermingling and yet distinct; as interchangeable in the inner, though distinct in the outer, lead one to suppose that he was an Adept. True, he says, he was not yet seated at the table where angels feast; but could we live on the food which supported him, we should indeed deem ourselves happy. How far the mass of us is from being so enamoured with abstract wisdom that we are consoled thereby for poverty, for loss of friends, family, and wealth, and above all, for the loss of esteem of all our acquaintances! Think of the deep personal soul-intercourse he had with this glorious "Lady of his *mind*," that he distinguishes between her outer and her real and inner expression of countenance. "I called my lady proud and disdainful, but it was only in her body (which is Knowledge, not Wisdom) that she laughed at me, because I did not yet understand her persuasions; and when I deemed her disdainful, it was because I did not yet see her demonstrations. And in all this, the defect was on my side. Ah, worse than dead are they who fly from her! And blessed are those unto whose eyes she looks, and takes them into her own possession."

In the same chapter he speaks of her beauty (that is "*la Moralità*") rains down like flames of fire which enkindle a desire for all excellencies, and which consume "all evil

dispositions." "Her garments are the beauty of the soul," he says further on: or (so subtle is his language) it may be translated, "*habits* are the beauty of the soul: and these habits are obedience, gentleness, modesty, and personal adornment;" the king's daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold. His definition of the blush and the palour of modesty is "the soul's retreat from before ugly things." He speaks interchangeably of his own soul and of the form of that glorious lady; his perception of her he calls "*Sapienza*": his inner self seems to be her outer form. His broken perceptions of her are interchangeable with her discontinuous glances at him; "the man who, in this life, loves her, does not continually feel her in his thought, but only when Love brings him peace. In man, wisdom is acquired, not natural, whereas with the higher intelligences, their intellectual nature is perfect. . . . Thus, one sees that this lady is separated from God and the other intelligencies by continued contemplation, whereas she is brought nearer to human intellects by discontinuous looking." This last sentence is one of Dante's profound aphorisms, of which it is very difficult to catch the meaning. But, like the reversal of the triangle, it is probably a truth open to heaven and not to earth. The subtlety of his language gives a faint idea of the depths of the inner life into which he had probed. He had evidently made acquaintance with that intermingling of personalities which belongs purely to another sphere of existence. His own soul is transfused with the form of "*quel gloriosa donna*," and all her communications and teachings are given with her eyes. The Seventh Heaven is unspeakably beautiful; only one detail can he give of it: "Its perfect peace is like the divine science, philosophy, which is full of all peace, and suffers from no conflict of opinion nor sophisticated arguments, because its subject is the one excellent certainty, even GOD; and it was thus that Christ gave his peace to his disciples, 'my peace I give you,' that is his teaching. And of this divine science spoke Solomon—'Sixty are the queens, and eighty are the handmaidens, and a hundred the young damsels, but one is my dove, one my perfect one.' All the sciences are called queens and maidens and damsels, but this one is the dove because she is without spot of strife and variance, and this one is perfect because she makes us see the truth, in which alone our soul reposes."

The student of the language used by seers and prophets will find in the "*Convito*" many explanations of the phrases common to all mystic writers.

GLIMPSES OF SPIRITUALISM IN THE PAST.

II.—INDIA: THE BRAHMINIC PERIOD.

BY JOHN S. FARMER,

Author of "Spiritualism and Christianity: their Mutual Relationships, Parallels, and Contrasts," "A New Basis of Belief in Immortality," etc., etc.

WHEN the Aryans crossed the mountain heights of Himalaya, they professed the Vedic faith somewhat as I have sketched it.* Gradually, however, their national characteristics—social and religious—underwent a radical change, and from a nation of agriculturists and herdsmen they became a conquering power, making their way from the Punjab down the fertile valleys of the Ganges and Jumna, and ultimately subduing the dark-skinned races then inhabiting the Asiatic Peninsula. At the time of their appearance as simple colonists in India, the worship of idols, the division of society into castes, the practice of suttee, and the doctrine of metempsychosis were unknown to them, and formed no part of their belief. These, and other subtleties of Modern Hindooism, had their rise at a later period.

THE CASTE SYSTEM

is supposed to have been developed during the period which intervened between the Vedic and Brahminic ages—that is, during the time in which they were gradually acquiring power, and previous to the establishment of the Aryan Kingdoms, which, under the modern names of Oude, Delhi, Bahar, etc., have been perpetuated to the present time. A class of men arose who came to the front, claiming the highest honours, and forming themselves into a separate community. They undoubtedly possessed spiritual gifts, but prostituted them to obtain power. Under their guidance the pure primeval teaching of the Vedas became a thing of the past. By subtleties of interpretation—a course which the priesthood of all ages and faiths have ever used to further their own selfish interests—the Vedas were appealed to as teaching and sanctioning the division of the people into castes. The Brahmins set themselves over all, and proclaimed the race of people who had been subdued—the Sudras—to be the lowest in the scale of being. They established

A SACERDOTAL AND RELIGIOUS DESPOTISM

—the everlasting curse of humanity—and fostered, as a means of more effectually binding the souls of men, a tendency to

* See *Psychological Review*, Vol. ii. p. 496.

abstract thought and abstract speculation—a feature of Brahminism scarcely traceable in the Vedas. They laid on men's backs burdens grievous to be borne—in fact, completely arrogated to themselves the power of obtaining the favour of the gods for the common people. Priestly power and assumption are the same all the world over; they begin with poverty and abnegation, and end with opulence and despotism. The Brahmins made the Vedas and their spiritual gifts the stepping-stones to power, and then remorselessly bartered their sublime belief for a corrupt sacerdotalism, which effectually opened the door for debased and degraded superstitions—that same sacerdotalism which is too surely the cause of the decay of all religions, of the occident as well as of the orient—of the faiths of antiquity as well as of the faiths of to-day. It was against this sacerdotalism, which had then reached its zenith, that Buddha protested, and founded that great religion which—albeit corrupted and debased—now numbers amongst its adherents more than any other religion the world has ever seen. Buddhism was for centuries the dominant faith, although at the present time it numbers but comparatively few followers in the land of its birth. Brahminism ultimately regained the ascendancy, and expelled from the land that faith which for hundreds of years had proved so formidable as a rival. Thus the history of Brahminism is divided into two periods, namely, that which preceded, and that which followed the advent of Buddhism.

The Brahminism of the period just preceding the period of Buddhistic Reformation differs but little from the Brahminism of to-day, except, may be, that it has sunk still lower into idolatry and superstition. It is divided into innumerable sects, and the lesser gods may be counted by millions. The three leading deities are Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—or the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer—forming the Hindoo Trinity. They are worshipped separately, and also as three in one, under the mystic symbol Om. Vishnu has had nine avatars, or incarnations, and is to appear a tenth time, which will be the last. Of two of these incarnations, under the names of Chrishna and Ramayana, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter when dealing with the two great sacred epics of the East.

A CARDINAL DOCTRINE—REABSORPTION.

One of the cardinal doctrines of Brahminism is, that all that exists is spirit, and that there is nothing else; and that man can only obtain true bliss by being freed from the ills of time, and reunited to the universal spirit. The road to reabsorption is by penance and suffering, but so lost is the human spirit, and

so weakened by the sensual burdens of the flesh, that though in every case believed to be recoverable, many a life of pain and penance will be needed for promoting its exaltation, and securing its return to the spiritual sun from whence it came. This idea of the liberation of the soul from future terrestrial existence, is the object of every form of Hindoo worship. It is taught by priest and sage, and sung by all their poets. In this we see the key to the lives of penance and mortification led by the Fakirs and religious mendicants. To them the only path to God was through bodily suffering and pain.

BRAHMINICAL DOCTRINE OF REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

But this outgrowth of the Vedas, albeit in many respects unworthy of its source, is not altogether void of truth. Its doctrines of rewards and punishments is just and righteous, and bears a strong resemblance to the theory which obtains amongst ourselves as Spiritualists at the present time. And it must be borne in mind that this is one of the points upon which spirits are unanimously agreed. In substance they teach that man makes for himself his future—that as he sows, so he must reap; if he sows to the wind, he reaps the whirlwind; and if to the spirit he reaps eternal glory—thus making his own heaven or hell.

Man's ultimate happiness is confidently spoken of—that though ages may elapse before the chains of darkness may be broken, yet sooner or later the spirit gathers up the tangled threads of its former sins, and works out its own salvation. Compare this with the following extract, one of many, from the laws of Manu. In Lib. iv. 223-242, we read:—"The householder should collect virtue by degrees, in order that he may obtain a companion in the next world, as the white ant by degrees builds its nest; for in his passage to the next world, neither his father nor his mother, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his kinsman, will remain in his company, but he will be accompanied by his merits alone. Singly is each man born, singly he dies, singly he receives the reward of his good deeds, and singly the punishment of his evil deeds. When he leaves his corpse-like lump of clay, his kinsmen retire with averted faces, but his merits accompany his soul. Let a man, therefore, continually and by degrees collect merits, so that he may secure for himself an inseparable companion; and with his merits for his guide, he will traverse a clime which is hard to be traversed." Here it is plainly taught that a man is rewarded according to his merits, and punished according to his demerits.

Talboys Wheeler in his "History of India" points out that it is assumed that in all cases the balance is rigidly drawn. If

the merits exceed the demerits the individual will be rewarded in proportion to the balance in his favour, either by noble birth, prosperity, comeliness, physical strength, intellectual power, long life, or by elevation to a heaven where the soul will dwell in bliss until its merits are sufficiently rewarded, after which it would return to earth and pass through another series of transmigrations. In like manner if the demerits exceed the merits the individual will be punished in proportion. The justice of this arrangement satisfactorily appeals to the popular mind, and the Hindoos regard it as favourably solving one of the most inscrutable problems in human life—viz., the unequal distribution of the blessings and pains of earthly life. Happiness and prosperity are regarded as the reward of virtues displayed in a former existence, and misery and adversity as the punishment of sins committed in a previous state of being.

Thus the views of the Incarnationist school were developed in almost their present form by the Brahminical priests centuries ago, the sole difference being that the Brahmins associated the doctrine with metempsychosis, whereas the Re-incarnationists reject that addenda to their faith.

All nations have possessed their oracles or channels of communication with the unseen world; Egypt its consecrated virgins; Delphi its sibyls and pythonesses; Rome its vestals; and India its devadassi or "Servants of the Gods." The devadassi were virgins attached to the temples who performed various functions in the Brahminical ceremonies, and were consulted as to the future on the eve of any great event, their utterances being received as revelations from the gods, and as such were in all cases piously followed. The communications were given while in a state of "divine frenzy" or trance, and it is also claimed that while in this condition the devadassi received power to heal the sick and cure diseases. Hindoo literature teems with instances of the exercise of such power.

One great feature of Hindoo life, even to the present time, is the worship of ancestors. All classes pay daily homage to the Pitris or Manes, whilst those who aim at the acquirement of superhuman powers invoke the aid of the Siddhas or Genii. The daily sacramental rites prescribed by the Brahminical Code are all more or less Spiritualistic in character. They are five in number, and relate to the worship or propitiation of five orders of beings.

1. The Rishis, or Vedic bards who are propitiated by the daily study of the Vedas.

2. The Pitris or departed ancestors who are propitiated by the daily offerings of cakes and water.

3. The Denatas or Vedic Gods who are propitiated by daily oblations of ghee.

4. The Spirits or Ghosts, propitiated by offerings of rice.

5. Guests or mortal men to whom suitable hospitality has to be shown.

Not only are these rites observed daily, but at all Hindoo feasts and festivals certain periods are set apart for offerings to these five orders of beings.

A belief in elementaries or spirits presiding over towns, rivers, trees, etc., is still very prevalent amongst the people of the East, and more especially amongst the Hindoos, and not only are animate things supposed to be endowed with spiritual life, but inanimate things also. Thus in like manner as the spirit in man is thought to leave the body when it expires, so the spirit of a tree is imagined to die away with a sigh when the tree itself is cut down.

The Yogi or Iogi sect maintain the practicability of acquiring even in this life entire command over elementary matter by means of certain ascetic practices. The practices consist chiefly of long continued suppressions of respiration, of inhaling and exhaling the breath in a peculiar manner, of fixing the eyes on the top of the nose, and endeavouring by force of mental abstraction to effect a union between the portion of the vital spirit residing in the body and that which pervades all nature.

When this mystic union is effected the Yogi is liberated in his living body from the clog of material encumbrances, and acquires an entire command over all worldly substances. He claims to make himself lighter than the lightest substances, heavier than the heaviest; can become as vast or as minute as he pleases; can traverse all space; can animate any dead body; can render himself invisible; can attain all objects, and is equally acquainted with the past, present, and future.

It will be seen that these manifestations all agree with the phenomena known amongst ourselves. Moreover, the Yogis invoke the aid and claim that they receive help from the Pitris or spirits of ancestors. This spiritual aid is emphatically alleged to be always present when they perform their wonders, and they affirm that without this aid they can do little or nothing. Indeed, so near and so real is the spiritual world to the conception of the Hindoo mind that they appear to live as much in the one as in the other, and the world of spirits is as present to them as the world of matter by which they are surrounded.

To this ever present consciousness of the nearness of the spiritual world and the intimate relations existing between mortal and immortal may be traced the decline of the Vedic

simplicity of life and thought. Spirit communion has been the idea, *par excellence*, ruling throughout the whole history of the Hindoo people. Spiritualism, however, has two sides, and may be debased into the most superstitious and degraded idolatry. Such has been the case with Indian Spiritualism. From a simple communion with friends and relatives who had passed the rubicon of life it has degenerated into a spiritual pantheism. Spirits of all kinds are deified and worshipped as Gods—the Hindoo pantheon numbering many millions—and this worship of spirits has assumed the most debased and degraded forms.

It must not be imagined, however, that this is without exception the state of affairs at the present time. True, the masses of the people are steeped in the lowest depths of idolatry, yet there are those who are striving to revive the spirituality of the old faiths. There are yet signs of a return to a pure monotheistic faith. The Brahma Somay and kindred movements are making rapid strides in India. Their creed is simple, so that it may be understood of all the people—Sudra and Brahmin alike; progressive, so as to be readily adapted to new revelations or accretions of truth; and universal, so that it may not repel or condemn truth as taught by other churches. It is not opposed to any faith, and much of the doctrine taught has been culled from the teaching of the world's Saviours—Confucius, Buddha, Christ, and Mahommet. It claims to receive truth from whatever source it comes. In the words of one of its apostles, "We receive with patriotic veneration the noble and elevated teachings of our Coryan forefathers, which are chanted to this day by the Brahmins on the banks of the sacred river. We listen to and accept the pure monotheism preached by Mahommet in the sandy deserts and rocks of Arabia, which taught men to render to the one God sole and undivided honour.

"We study with reverence the maxims of Confucius, and are ever open to receive with respect the discoveries of science and the speculations of philosophy. Truth from all these diverse sources we are open individually to teach and receive, but the cardinal principles of our creed are simple and universal—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of all men, and all tribes and kindreds of men. This creed necessarily forces us into the advocacy of moral and social reform, and engages us in a crusade against idolatry, the system of early marriages, and the correlative institution of Suttee or widow burning, and last, but not least, the great dividing institution of caste."

With such a liberal and broad platform, but few minds at

all open to liberal and progressive thought will disagree, and if only true to its catholic basis, it is to this source that we may look for the means whereby the people of India are to be raised from their present deplorable condition.

THE SRADDHA OR FEAST OF THE DEAD

of which I promised to give an account, like every other rite of the Brahminical Code, seems to have been converted from its original institution for communion between the living and the dead, into a great feast to the Brahmins. The source to which I am mainly indebted for the following sketch is Talboys Wheeler's *History of India*.

The Sraddha or feast of the dead was in its earliest form a pleasing expression of natural religion which long preceded the advent of a priestly caste, or the introduction of a systematic ritual, but like every other popular ceremonial which has been handed down amongst the Hindoos from the Vedic period, it has been recast in a Brahminical mould. There are three principal Sraddhas—the daily Sraddha, to which I have before alluded, the monthly Sraddha, to be performed in memory of recent ancestors, and the funeral Sraddha, to be performed within a certain period after death or hearing of the death of a near kinsman. The original idea, as I have already stated, was simply communion with spirit friends, which according to the more modern Brahminical doctrine delivers the soul of the dead person from Yama, the judge of the dead, and translates it to the heaven of the pitris, or ancestors, there to remain until the merits of its previous life on earth have been all exhausted. It is the current belief that only through the Sraddha can the soul of the deceased ascend to the heaven of the Pitris and take up its abode there.

The ceremonies are very similar in all cases. The monthly Sraddha was performed on the dark day of the moon, that is, when the sun and moon are in conjunction. A sequestered spot was chosen, such as was supposed to be pleasing to the spirits, and then the invited Brahmins were conducted to their allotted seats, which had been purified by *Rhusa* grass, and were presented with garlands of flowers and sweet perfumes. The officiating Brahmin then satisfied the three Vedic deities—*Ajui*, *Soma*, and *Yama*—by pouring an oblation of ghee upon the sacred fire. He then proceeded to satisfy the ancestors of the giver of the Sraddha, when the immortals are supposed to make known their presence, although this portion of the rite now gives place to feasting those present.

It will be seen from the foregoing data that the old Vedic belief in the communion with ancestors has been strangely

Brahminized by the compilers of the code. The monthly Sraddha, whilst ostensibly given in honour of departed ancestors, is in reality nothing more than an entertainment given to the Brahmins, and the modern doctrine that the performance of the Sraddha liberates the soul, is only another mode whereby the priests contrive to bind the masses to dogmas intended for the benefit of their own order, and which seems to have been used by them with like effect to the indulgences once so rife in the Catholic Church.

THE DREAMS OF POETS.

BY MRS. A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

"I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest. We are something more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of our souls."—"*Religio Medici*" of SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

"The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the *quantum* of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humorist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw a stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be: 'Young man, what sort of dreams have you?'—CHARLES LAMB.

IN a volume of correspondence of Robert Southey, lately edited by Dr. Dowden, we learn that the Poet Laureate of the earlier portion of this century—one of the most studious and indefatigably industrious of English literary men of any century, poet, historian, biographer, reviewer—kept a chronicle of his dreams!

The first entry into the poet's "Dream-Book" was made 7th November, 1804; the last, 10th May, 1832. The chronicle is by no means continuous; it contains a vast number of curious dreams jotted down with their dates with a break of months occasionally intervening; indeed, at one period, it seems to have been mislaid for several years, much to the regret of the poet.

Shelley somewhere mentions that he once commenced to write his dreams, but ceased soon to do so, finding that to write down the remarkable dreams of his nights would occupy the whole of his days. Of the commencement of Shelley's dream-chronicle we shall have to speak later.

Before considering the character of the dreams of Southey, it may be as well to consider the temperament of their dreamer.

TEMPERAMENT OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"What is extravagant in 'Thalaba,' what is grotesque in the 'Ballads' (says Dr. Dowden), is paralleled by the wild

work which went on in their inventor's brain during sleep. The moral ardour which breathes through his poems, the passion of righteousness, the fortitude of faith, must be recognised by every reader who knows Southey, as the breath of his own higher life."

Again, he says that Southey was "a man sound to the core, with affections, conscience, will, intellect, imagination, working together towards worthy and honourable ends, *and, underlying all these, a temperament almost as dangerously excitable as that of Shelley.*" Carlyle in his *Reminiscences* has brought out vividly that union of passion with self-mastery and self-management which gave Southey his singularity among men of genius. 'I said to myself: How has this man contrived with such a nervous system to keep alive for near sixty years? Now blushing under his grey hairs, rosy like a maiden of fifteen; now slaty, almost like a rattle-snake or fiery serpent? How has he not been torn to pieces long since under such furious pulling this way and that? He must have somewhere a great deal of methodic virtue in him.' An Arab steed bearing the load of a pack horse—this was Southey; and he bore his load steadily, gracefully, almost proudly; bore it long and well; then suddenly quivered, and fell beside the way."

MATERIAL FOR SOUTHEY'S DREAMS.

The retentive memory of Southey, filled with heterogeneous gatherings from the literature of many centuries and many nations, was a treasure-house of teeming imagery, wherein the indwelling spirit of Poesy could embody herself to enact, before his sleep-opened inner eye, her ceaseless "Mystery Play"—aye, and "Morality," too—for such as possess the key to the interpretation of dream-symbolology. Multitudinous, indeed, his *dramatis personæ* of strangely contrasted natures and from strangely contrasted regions and times!

"Men being symbols in the land of dreams,
Where Poesy and Mysticism meet
To paint prophetic pictures for the soul."

But abiding as was his interest in this phantasmagoria of his dream-life, not the faintest suggestion appears to have occurred to him of what Swedenborg would term the "correspondence of dreams," no perception of their possible symbolic or allegorical character.

THEIR VARIETY,

These curious dreams, however, as here so carefully preserved for us, appear pretty much as to character to divide themselves into three distinct groups. Firstly, dreams filled

with a wild and romantic imagery and incident, analagous to his own poetic creations. Dreams which remind the reader not infrequently, also, of the suggestions for romances in Hawthorne's "Note-book,"—and also of George Macdonald's beautiful prose poem, "Phantastes." Secondly, dreams of a terrific and nightmare character, probably caused by a disorganised physical or mental condition. Thirdly—and perhaps the most interesting of all to the student of psychology and the spiritualist—dreams of more homely and naturalistic class, in which personages, historical or biographical—or dead friends and acquaintance, appear before the dreamer, enter into conversation with him, and enact their part in the dream-drama with a marvellous sense of individuality and reality entirely accordant with their various natures and relationships—so much so, indeed, as to suggest very forcibly to the mind of a believer in the truth of spirit-manifestation, that these personages were possibly the veritable "spirits of the dead."

We present our readers with two examples of

SOUTHEY'S ROMANTIC DREAMS.

A Fiery Ordeal.

"February 18th, 1805. There was some building to be entered, but it required faith and fearlessness and fortitude to enter it, for the ground before the entrance was fiery, and the nearer the door the more intense the burning, and they who were unworthy would be thrust back by some unseen power. What was within I knew not; but once in there was an end of all pain and calamity for ever. I took the child [what child?], and, being barefooted and almost naked, went on exclaiming, 'Jesus and Ignatius Loyola!' There were two persons before me engaged in the same adventure, and, in spite of the burning ground, we all got in. Some dozen or score had succeeded before us, and as soon as I had entered they began to dance, and wanted me to join, as if triumphantly; but I, who had that sort of feeling as if death were over, and I was now in the world to come, turned away with anger at the proposal and began to examine what place I was in. It was a huge church of white marble, Parian, without spot or streak or stain; and there were seats around it, rising one above another, as in a theatre, and the seats were of the same pure white marble as the building. I went through the building into a park, and here the connection ceased, and the dream became vague and worthless."

A Place of Beatific Repose.

"October 1st, 1805. Last night I had met a Mr. Trevilian, a Somersetshire man. I dreamt that I was visiting him in

his own country, and this reminding me of Glastonbury, I thought that we went to see the ruins. But the ruins which I saw in my dream were far nobler than Glastonbury, or probably than any existing pile. I thought that, descending a long flight of steps, we entered a prodigious church, deserted and bearing marks of decay, though all its parts were still entire. I have the picture vividly before me—the arched windows and meeting columns, the grass between the stones; the sound of my own footsteps is still fresh in my ears, and the feeling of delight and reverence which made me in the dream stand halfway down the steps and shed tears. Presently I was led to a part of the building which was called the *Beatorio*, the most extraordinary place I ever fancied. It was so called as being the burial place of the monks, who were all presumed to be in bliss, and the whole floor was covered with statues, admirably executed in fine white stone, of these men all rising from the dead, all in different attitudes, each as large as life, and each made to the living likeness of the man whom it represented. One side of this place was open to the cloisters, so that all was seen in a strong light. The other walls were in like manner covered with figures issuing out.”

DREAMS OF PARTICULAR INDIVIDUALS.

“January 7th, 1805. I was supping at Garrick’s house and seated at his left hand, at the top of the table. My memory had made up his face accurately. He got upon the table, and spoke an epilogue of his own writing in the character of a cook-maid, and promised, at Mrs. Garrick’s desire, to recite a serious poem afterwards that I might hear him.”

“July 27th, 1819. I was at Swift’s house at Dublin, where he was living with two sisters—the one very plain, the other very accomplished and beautiful, deeply in love with him, and breaking her heart, like Mrs. Johnson, because of his strange conduct. She sang to him a song of her own composing, alluding to her own condition.”

“May 8th, 1830. Yesterday I read in my brother’s MS. Memoirs poor dear Gooch’s dream of his dead child. Though I had no recollection of it in my sleep, it undoubtedly contributed to what I dreamt last night.

“I was at table somewhere, surrounded with guests, and directly opposite was my old school-fellow and friend, poor Bean. She who sat next to me asked me if I knew who that singular looking person was. I answered that I knew him very well, and had a great regard for him, but was amazed at seeing him, because I heard (which was the fact), from what seemed undoubted authority, that being pay-master to a

regiment in the East Indies, and taking money for the troops from one East Indian Island to another, he had been murdered by the Malay boatmen and thrown overboard. Presently Bean came round and stood by me. I asked him then if he were dead or alive. '*Dead*,' he said, *but had come thus to convince me of the resurrection of the dead.* I replied that I had not needed such proof, for I believed in Moses and the prophets. And then I awoke with emotion, not of fear, but of grief, and with tears in my eyes."

A remarkable instance of the above class of dreams is recorded by Southey in his *Life of Cowper the Poet*, which we will give now as

A POET'S DREAM ABOUT A POET.

"In a letter written to Hayley, February 24th, 1793, Cowper exclaims—'Oh, you rogue! what would you not give to have such a dream about Milton as I had about a week since? I dreamed that being in a house in the city, and with much company, looking towards the lower end of the room from the upper end of it, I descried a figure which I immediately knew to be Milton's. He was very gravely, but very neatly attired in the fashion of his day, and had a countenance which filled me with those feelings which an affectionate child has for a beloved father. My first thought was *wonder* where he could have been concealed so many years; my second, a transport of joy to find him still alive; my third, another transport to find myself in his company; and my fourth, a resolution to accost him. I did so, and he received me with a complacency in which I saw equal sweetness and dignity. I spoke of his "*Paradise Lost*," as every man must, who is worthy to speak of it at all, and told him a long story of the manner in which it affected me, when I first discovered it, being at that time a school boy. He answered me by a smile and a gentle inclination of the head. He then grasped my hand affectionately, and with a smile that charmed me, said—"*Well, you for your part will do well also.*" At last, recollecting his great age (for I understood him to be two hundred years old) I feared I might fatigue him by too much talking; I took my leave, and he took his, with an air of the most perfect good breeding. *His person, his features, his manners, were all so perfectly characteristic, that I am persuaded an apparition of him could not represent him more completely.* This may be said to have been one of the dreams of Pindus, may it not?"—*Southey's Life of Cowper*, vol. iii., p. 132.

A POET COMPOSING IN A DREAM.

Who does not recall the wonderful dream fragments of Coleridge, "*Kubla Khan*," beginning—

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred river ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

Of the origin of this poem, Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, gives the following interesting account :—

"In the summer of 1797, the author, then in ill-health, had retired to a farm-house between Poslack and Lenton. In consequence of slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair, at the moment that he was reading these, or similar words, in Purchas's 'Pilgrimage'—Here the Khan Kubla commanded a place to be built, and a stately garden thereunto : and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed within a wall ! The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least to the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than two or three hundred lines ; *if that indeed can be called composition, in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort.** On waking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business, and detained above an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away."

We already have referred to Shelley beginning to write his dreams. In the fragment of prose composition published after her husband's death by Mrs. Shelley, we meet with the following suggestive and

* For an instance of somewhat similar experience *vide* "Psychological Review," July, 1879—"The Story of Him who wore the Wreath," a tale spoken word for word to the writer by a spirit-voice during a sleepless night, whilst the scenes and characters described unfolded themselves in slow succession before the mental eye of the listener, like the pictures in an exhibition of dissolving views.

WEIRD EXPERIENCE OF SHELLEY.

"I do not doubt," writes Shelley, "that were every individual to imitate me, it would be found that among many circumstances peculiar to their individual nature, a sufficiently general resemblance would be found to prove the connection existing between those peculiarities and most universal phenomena. . . . I distinctly remember dreaming three several times, between intervals of two or more years, the same precise dream. It was not so much what is ordinarily called a dream; the single image, unconnected with all other images, of a youth who was educated at the same school with myself, presented itself in sleep. Even now, after a lapse of many years, I can never hear the name of the youth without the three places where I dreamed of him presenting themselves distinctly to my mind. . . . I have beheld scenes, with the intimate and unaccountable connection of which with the obscure parts of my own nature I have been irresistibly impressed. I have beheld a scene which has produced no unusual effect on my thoughts. After the lapse of many years I have dreamed of this scene. It has hung on my memory, it has haunted my thoughts at intervals, with the pertinacity of an object connected with human affections. I have visited this scene again. Neither this scene could be dissociated from the landscape, nor the landscape from the dream, nor feelings, such as neither singly could have awakened, from both. But the most remarkable event of this nature which ever occurred to me happened five years ago at Oxford. I was walking with a friend in the neighbourhood of that city, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation. We suddenly turned the corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill, standing in one among many plashy meadows, inclosed with stone walls; the irregular and broken ground between the walls and the road on which we stood; a long, low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. It was that season when the last leaf had just fallen from the scant and stunted ash. The scene surely was a common scene; the season and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thoughts; it was a tame uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge in sorrows and sober talk to the evening fire-side, and the dessert of winter fruits and wine. The effect which it produced on me was not such as could have been expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen that exact scene in some dream of long —. Here I was obliged to leave off,

overcome by thrilling horror." "This remark closes this fragment which was written in 1815. I remember well," adds Mrs. Shelley in her note to this passage, "his coming to me from writing it, pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the fearful emotions it excited."

We cannot conclude our papers upon Poets' Dreams more fitly than by the words of Byron:—

"Our Life is two-fold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things mis-named
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world
And a wide realm of wild reality:
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears and tortures, and a touch of joy:
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
They take a weight from off our waking toils.
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity.
They pass like spirits of the past, they speak
Like Sibyls of the future; they have power;
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will—
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows."

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICAN ITEMS.

(To the Editor of THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.)

SIR,—*The Psychological Review* has a growing list of American readers; so we keep strong and bright the golden chain of a common lineage, stretching from our towns and farms and forests to your "fast anchored isle." Those readers are reminded both of the likeness and the difference between an English and an American magazine,—the difference coming from that indescribable something in the atmosphere, not merely oxygen and electricity in varied proportions, but the more subtle presence of thoughts and acts shaping civilization for centuries in one land, and the swift change from the Indian hunter to the scholar, and trader, and machine builder in the other. The Spiritual philosophy which the *Review* teaches, will help to a finer understanding of these permeating influences. The gifted men and women of both countries have a special kinship to all English speaking people; many a thoughtful American woman feels very near to Mrs. Browning and Mary Howitt. This makes it fit that "M.A. (Oxon)," should write of Epes Sargent that England may know him better and prize him more. A few times I met him at his home, and the memory of those hours will be "marked with a

white stone," as the Orientals say pleasant stops in a journey should be. Fine grace and unpretending simplicity of manners, a frank and earnest sincerity, a cordial and charming ease in conversation, an uncompromising fidelity and high courage, tempered by rare sweetness of spirit made him fascinating and attractive, while one felt a reverent respect for his large ability and attainments, and his great and constant labours. To the last day, how the heroic soul upheld the failing body, so that voice and pen gave forth the truth he loved! How tender and true to family and friends.

But a few weeks before his transition he sent me a copy of his last book, and wrote: "It is, at least, an *earnest* book, whether it is *strong* or not is for you to judge." As I read that letter now, the diffident estimate of his own noble effort is touching indeed. He wrote also: "My health is on the retrograde. I hope to weather the cape, but you need not be surprised at any moment to hear that I have passed over." Waiting in quiet cheer for the coming change, but working while he waited—a lesson of the conscientious discharge of daily duty.

He lives still, and we can well apply to him the words of James Russell Lowell on William Ellery Channing,—

"Thou art not idle in thy higher sphere,
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks;
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks."

The critical carefulness, combined with fairness and candour, of the best English investigators of Spiritualism is highly commendable. Some people here are possessed with the strange notion that if one is thorough and critical he is therefore carping and hostile. This absurd mistake is not gaining ground, but a healthful reaction is taking place against it. The London Society for Psychical Research, if wisely conducted, must be of great use.

There is no doubt that psychometry and clairvoyance can account for a part of what is honestly held to be mediumship, and that men and women sometimes suppose themselves influenced by spirits when their own innate powers are sufficient for all they say or do. Neither is there any doubt, in my mind, as to the reality of trance, spirit control and manifestation, and public and private speech under influence and inspiration of persons in the higher life. We must study both the wonderful interior life of man and the wonderful power of spiritual influences, and so reverence ourselves and look up reverently to the spirit world. Because a person quotes from books he never saw, or tells of what he never knew in any external way, that is not final proof that he is under an external spirit-control. Psychometry and clairvoyance may sometimes solve it all. Sometimes such solution is impossible, and we must accept the psychological control of personal intelligences from the higher stage of the eternal life. The facts of nature, still more the living thoughts of men, are on record in subtle and impalpable, yet in real and indelible form, and when the right relation is established they start into objective reality like

shapes evoked by the wand of a magician. For proofs of this read that valuable book of William Denton's "The Soul of Things," the record of Mrs. Denton's rare experiences, and of others.

Years ago my wife and myself had visited the plaster beds at Grand Rapids in this State, and visited Lyons on our homeward way. Spending an evening with Dr. Jewett and wife, she gave fine illustrations of her psychometric power. I stepped across the road and took from our trunk, wrapped in paper, what I supposed was a piece of gypsum from the Grand Rapids beds. She held it to her forehead a few moments and began to tell its history. My mind went back to the rocks and darkness from whence I supposed it came, but her description went another way. Evidently she was not influenced by me, but was reading the record of the stone she held wrapped in paper. She described the slow formation of a limestone *geode*, or crystal, and its final location beneath rushing water. This puzzled us until I took off the wrapper, and found I had given her a limestone *geode* taken from beneath the Grand River! Her psychometric power had rightly read its story. Nature's inner history was an open volume to her. Might not that same psychometric power, with clairvoyance as its aid, read the books and know the thoughts of others, and this with no direct spirit-aid? I have seen psychometrics describe character by holding letters to the forehead, and so taking in the subtle impression from their contents.

Wonderful indeed are our own interior powers. To ascribe all to spirits is to belittle ourselves. To know ourselves lifts us into higher realms of hope and dignity. To know the power and beauty of spirit-influence and presence is inspiring indeed. To justly estimate both is to get clear ideas of real mediumship, to explain seeming discrepancies, to judge mediums fairly, and reach the truth which shall help them and us.

Not long ago since I visited a lady in this city, a good trance medium and clairvoyant. She gave me no especial facts as tests, but read my mind like an open book, knew my mood, my anxieties, and endeavours. This might have been the subtle *rapport* of a delicate and susceptible temperament, or it might have been the insight of a person from the higher life influencing her. A few weeks ago a woman, in one of our interior towns, whom I have known well for a score of years, and who is greatly beloved and respected for her fine qualities and intelligence by a wide circle of people, told me of an experience in her girlhood forty years since. A brother, to whom she was especially near in spirit, was drowned in her sight, and she found no peace for weeks. At night she would waken from a troubled sleep, her pillow wet with tears; the whole scene of his death struggle would come before her, and her sorrow found no relief. One night she awoke in this sore grief, and soon a soft light spread over her head in the darkness, out of it came a hand, which she knew, by its shape and peculiar make, as her brother's, and waved to and fro, touching her temples, and stroking her face now and then. That touch had indescribable power to soothe and rest her tortured

nerves; every motion of that hand was healing and strength. She felt a sense of that brother's presence, and with it came comfort, reconciliation, surcease of sorrow and a sweet peace. She was wholly awake, conscious, and self-poised, and feels after forty years, as she then did, that her brother came in that way, with "the touch of a vanished hand," to her help. This seems a clear case of spirit-presence.

I have had messages written inside of slates which I had cleaned and fastened while held in my hand in full light, and only touched by Mr. Slade. How can we thus *cerebrate* (unconsciously or consciously) thoughts into writing? A phalanx of Carpenters cannot tell. The most careful trials of the Psychical Research Society can but confirm the reality of spirit-presence and power, while it will also give better views of the "spirit in a man that giveth him an understanding."

An editorial in the *Review* on "The Law of Deterioration as applied to Spirit Phenomena," is excellent. This careless ignorance in forming promiscuous circles, this hope to get the best with the poorest means and the least effort, is a calamity. To get the best in this world, or in any world, we must *do the best, and persevere in well-doing.*

As affecting inductive Science, the Spiritual Philosophy, going back as it does to the supremacy of mind over matter, must "create a soul beneath the ribs of death";—it must, and will, compel a recognition of the mind that evolves, to complement and perfect the idea of evolution, and make such recognition a factor in the processes of a spiritualised science.

As affecting religion, the immanent presence and guidance of a supreme mind; the near relation and communion of the soul of man, and the soul of things; the rightful sway of the spirit of man over his bodily powers and passions; "the survival of the fittest" in the life beyond what we call death of his spiritual body, and the soul that animates it, so that his personal identity cannot cease; the interblending of life here and hereafter by the real presence of our departed friends; and the thought of eternal growth and culture and effort, come in good time to more than fill the place of dying dogmas, and to sweep back the cold tides of materialistic thought.

To cheer the desponding, to confirm the doubting, to verify human hopes and intuitions, to feed the heart-hunger craving some sign from the beyond, to light up and enlarge life, how inexpressibly precious this ministry of angels,—each angel a helping and loving human friend—

"And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel's light!"

Looking out southward over the city from my chamber window through the green foliage of maples and horse chestnuts and pine trees, feeling the soft breath of pure summer air from our broad river and from Lake Erie, enjoying the perfect beauty of a clear blue sky, I send my message of unity and good-will to you and your co-workers in the *Review*.—Truly yours,

GILES B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Michigan, July 7th, 1882.

THE GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE.

CHAPTER XI.

Near the Rose.

THE Doctor, left alone in the clean, sanded parlour of *The Pelican*, pondered over the strange conversation that had just taken place. What was this new fact that had carried away the detective in so much haste? What was this strange secret connection that had all along existed between Barringer and Sir Frank? An hour elapsed, and Mr. Chivery failed to return. Another hour elapsed—still no signs of him. The Doctor took up his hat; and, by and by, he found himself straying almost unconsciously among the woods of the High Elms.

What strange turns and unexpected *dénouements* had suddenly appeared in the small drama of his life! That drama—that is, all that he believed to be important in it—had long ago been buried away out of sight, like the dead body of a human being, and its spirit relegated to the regions of the ideal. And now, by a strange chain of accidents, it had once more to be disinterred, and the process of disinterment seemed to have revived some of the fragrance of his dead remembrances. The preparation of his little history seemed to have had the effect of placing the little drama very near to him once more. A vast gulf seemed suddenly bridged.

He found himself wandering alone in a flower-garden—a small valley, where a pond had been dried purposely up, and converted into a vast bed of azaleas and rhododendrons. He was a good enough botanist to know what this same must have been like—say, in the middle of last June—when the thicket was musical with nightingales, the large trees covered with leaves, and the azalea vale perfumed with the masses of yellow and pink and orange flowers. Now the large trees were bare and wintry. He approached nearer the house, and stood on a grass plot, once blazing with orange and scarlet diagrams. Its bare beds now looked desolate, and a sun-dial in their centre looked blue, mouldy, damaged. He sat on a bench where Sir Rupert Kingsbury had, no doubt, often sate down and smoked his after-breakfast cigar.

That house contained the actual living form of Henriette Artus. The life within that poor, wan, wasted form might also have lost its summer fragrances; but it still retained its individuality—that individuality which was of so much strange importance in the life of Dr. Roderic Ives. Could he see her once more? Could he again have the ineffable satisfaction of doing her a service? Lady Dubnock thought the measure unadvisable when he made the application. He, on the other hand, thought it might save the young girl's life. Should he at once boldly knock at the door, and then force the deaf old lady by the power of his superior will to do what he desired? He *would* see Henriette—he would snatch her from the jaws of the

destroyer ! Had not his whole life been one long training for this great effort ?

But, alas ! now under the pressure of some paradoxical moral decree, he felt unnerved, paralysed. Duty, and a joy ineffable, seemed to be in the same pathway. He had only to go round to the front door of the High Elms and demand immediate admittance ; and yet he seemed glued to the bench on which he sat. His heart beat audibly—his brain reeled. Resolute in all else, in all that concerned her he seemed a coward. Nothing stands still in life. Love in some hidden corner of the mind grows strong or sickly ; it purifies itself, or becomes corrupt. Years roll silently along, and guided by some chance impulse we enter the dark chamber, and find a mummy or a giant.

A step resounded upon the gravel under an adjoining beech-tree. He turned round and recognised Lady Dubnock. She did not see him. He tried to get up and address her, and the same moral paralysis arrested him. She was not the rose, but she lived near the rose.

At length he broke the somewhat morbid spell, and stood before her.

"Lady Dubnock !"

"Who is it ?—dear me, Dr. Ives ! You quite frightened me !"

"I came here quite accidentally. In fact, I did not at first know where I was wandering. And how is Miss Artus ?"

"Not at all well !"

"Tell me about her," said the Doctor, shouting out in a clear voice, to gain the deaf lady's ear. It seemed so strange to be talking to Lady Dubnock once again.

"The poor thing is almost distracted, and her mind often wanders. She is pale, wasted, quite a ghost of her former self. She lies with her back propped up by pillows for hours and hours—waking, yet dreaming ; staring stupidly upon the outer world with those eyes that once meant so much."

"Better to change the scene. Take her to your own country-house. The horrible associations of the place are killing her."

"I am afraid that no change would now do any good. Doctor, I have almost given up all hope of preserving her long."

"My emphatic advice is, that the scene should be changed at once. It can do no harm according to your own showing—that is, if the case is really so hopeless here. The mind, even in delirium, has knowledge of the external world, and the associations of the place are constantly at work upon her. The phenomena of trance, sleep, etc., are little understood by medical science. It is almost a virgin field of exploration."

"Oddly enough, she will not be moved."

"Will not ?"

"At times, she is quite herself for a short interval, and then she exhibits a strange horror of leaving the house. There is, I think, something on her mind that we have not guessed."

"What?"

"I cannot say."

"I think I ought to see her!"

"Not for worlds!" said the old lady, with an odd energy directly this idea of the Doctor was made intelligible to her.

"Consider; I have known her a long time. I have a certain reputation now in my profession. Also, I have every motive that can stimulate effort. I esteem her. I am her friend. I will devote my time at present exclusively to her."

The Doctor dropped his voice a little at this point, but the old lady seemed to hear him very distinctly. She took his hand and pressed it gently.

"I am deaf, Doctor, but I have never been quite blind." She said this with feeling. She then added, in her old manner, "She was terribly frightened when I mentioned your name to her. She refused to see you; and, by and by, when she seemed to have forgotten my presence, I heard her mutter: 'Of all people in the world, not him!'"

"Let me see her without her being conscious of the fact; let me be introduced when one of these delirium fits is on her, and she is unconscious to the facts of the external world. A doctor ought to see his patient; he can learn so much by even a cursory look."

"There is the greatest danger in such a course, even when she seems most unconscious. The slightest shock might carry her off."

What was the meaning of this new enigma? and why should Henriette Artus be above all things especially fearful of one who had shown her nothing but kindness and devotion? What connection, too, could there be between her and the main plot of the terrible drama that seemed in the process of being slowly unrolled? The Doctor walked towards Thorpe Magna with hasty steps, and thought over these questions without finding any satisfactory solutions to them.

CHAPTER XII.

Barringer.

It was not until the evening that Mr. Chivery was able to return to the *Pelican* Inn.

"What's up?" said the Doctor.

"It's Crambo, the expert. He has come down to examine the envelope with the inscription—'Jos. Wilmington, Esq., Post Office, Wensford.'"

"You said that his decision didn't signify——"

"Perhaps so—but now it is of the highest importance. He says that the handwriting is without doubt that of Sir Frank."

"Have you any idea who Jos. Wilmington can be?"

"I have."

"Who?"

"Barringer!"

"Impossible."

"I am quite certain about it. The confederate was in pressing need of money, and threatened to become dangerous. Do you see the importance of this discovery in its relation to the case of Sir Rupert?"

"Well, only partly."

"Do you not see that for the first time we have a clue. We have one important and tangible fact on which to build up a theory of the crime."

"Explain, and I can cavil hereafter."

"The banknote, at least, is not in the group of sham evidences. Also for the first time we know that Sir Frank is 'in it,' to use a popular phrase."

"What else does it show?"

"Ah! there's the difficulty. We still have our large double group of evidences. And the process of sorting them is still before us. I think we may jump to the conclusion that the footprint business is real evidence."

"The man with a large foot trying to make people think that a man with a small foot had been walking about. How do you get at that?"

"By a jump, I admit. The big footprint fits Sir Frank's boot, and, Sir Frank being assumed to be on the theatre of the crime, I think everything tends to show that the impress of the foot was really caused by that boot."

"What about the waistcoat and the trousers?"

"I can't say; but I think now that the water thrown away in the snow is another real evidence!"

"Have you not abandoned your celebrated system of taking nothing for granted until the culprit is found guilty, and his case has become a bore in the *Daily Banner*?"

"No! I have waited patiently until *one* little bit of the puzzle was correctly put together. My second process is experimental, and as you see, slow."

"In your view Sir Frank will escape at the trial?"

"I did not say that. Given a skilful dialectician who knows nothing about a case for prosecutor, a skilful dialectician who knows still less about it for the defence, a skilful dialectician with a weakness for thinking everybody accused of every possible crime guilty, for judge, and it is difficult to tell who will get off. We must remember, too, that the minds of jurymen are nearly as illogical as the minds of country justices, and that we have plenty of blood, daggers, etc., to deal with. True, this has little, if anything, to do with the case, but it will make an impression. In an emeute at Paris, if a negro's hands are black they shoot him for meddling with gunpowder."

"My dear Chivery, the justices, jurymen, judges, if not subtle thinkers have some sense in them after all. Supposing that they can prove that an accused is prowling about in the region of a crime,

that he has profited by that crime, and some of its booty can be traced to him, that blood is upon his clothes and that most of his acts are suspicious, they are not bound to wait until every minute movement of his in the hours of darkness is accurately mapped out. Everybody would get off then. One thing is quite certain, and that is, that Sir Rupert has been killed by somebody."

"The great fear," said the detective, not paying over much respect to this wise speech, "comes to me from another direction."

"What do you mean?"

"Are we not beginning to know something of Sir Frank and his system of action?"

"Well, I have all along maintained that we do know something about him."

"He is not a fool, I take it."

"Scarcely!"

"He is bold, skilful, subtle."

"Quite that."

"We are all agreed that there are some real evidences, but many sham ones."

"I think we are."

"Then don't you think that he must have the key to all these puzzles, and that at the right moment *he will show us how the little bits fit in?*"

"Chivery, talking with you makes one quite creepy!"

"Depend upon it, some terrible surprise is in store for us. It is your narrative that has shown me of what depth of deceit and stratagem the man is capable."

"You must recollect, Chivery, that at present I am a little in the dark. You have jumped to a certain conclusion, but the process is hidden away in your own brain. How can you be certain that Barringer and Wilmington are one and the same mysterious individual?"

"It's a long business, which I will try and cut short. You recollect that, when I was your patient, I told you that I had not been always obliged to work for my bread. At one time I had a small private fortune, just enough to support me, and this perished in a swindling speculation, which proved no other than the Co-operative Credit Company."

"Barringer's Company?"

"Just so. I plunged into the affairs of the Company, with little knowledge of business, and a certain amount of natural shrewdness. I dragged all the villainies to light. I toiled and moiled with books on banking, sum-books, and the account books of the Company—gaining one piece of information from this man, and another from that. Day after day, and night after night, I worked on, and at last all the many villainies were dragged to light, chiefly through my instrumentality. In the process, I acquired a very extensive knowledge of mercantile and swindling business."

"I dare say."

"I then helped the detectives to follow Barringer up, still as an

amateur. Through me he was caught, as you are well aware. He managed to escape from Chelmer Prison."

"That is strange; the authorities of the prison must have been very bungling."

"You think so. The chief instrument of his release was Sir Frank Kingsbury——"

"Indeed!"

"Who obtained the appointment of Chief Constable merely to help him to escape."

"How do you know this?"

"From inference. The facts are all before me, and I draw the only conclusion open from them."

"All this is very extraordinary."

"When I went into the business of the Company, I very soon came to the conclusion that Barringer had an accomplice. In the first place, he has no head—you discovered that. He is cunning, and was once an actor——"

"An actor?"

"Yes, a strolling player; I had traced up his whole history. You see that a dull, cunning man, with a certain amount of histrionic talent, would be a capital man to select for a tool, if a Macchiavelli wanted to effect a vast commercial swindle."

"The knave's business is by no means as simple as many suppose."

"I don't know whether I told you that I was brought up in a solicitor's office."

"Yes, I knew that."

"This training, gave me, of course, a certain preliminary initiation. I took the affairs of the Co-operative Credit Company in hand. I soon discovered that the swindling was of the most masterly and bold description. The conceptions were quite beyond the reach of a mere Barringer. They were simple, grand, appalling."

"Oddly enough, in Rome the two were never seen together. I am certain that it was not Sir Frank who first introduced him to Artus——"

"Of course not. That was the prime necessity of the combination, that the confederacy should never be suspected. But did it not sometimes strike you as curious, that this Barringer, who was supposed to be one of the giants of the Stock Exchange, and coining millions, should be wasting his time in Rome, and gossiping about "bulls" and "bears" with Artus, like two retired merchants at Cheltenham or Clifton?"

"He was out there, it was said to start a grand company, which was to undertake to render the Tiber navigable——"

"Just so. Your written statement has thrown a flood of light upon the whole affair. My theory is that Miss Henriette Artus refused Sir Frank a considerable time before you came upon the scene."

"That idea has struck me likewise."

"He wanted her at first purely for her money; but the process of flirtation seems to have made him fall in love with her in downright

earnest. He then conceived a great plan by which he could secure not only her fortune, but the whole Artus money and the young lady, more quickly than by the ordinary process of dancing attendance at balls and pic-nics. Recollect at this time he and Barringer were already working together."

"According to your theory——"

"He determined therefore to ruin the father, to ruin the brother, and, in the grand catastrophe, the young girl would fall into his arms."

"Why did the plan fail in the moment of fruition?"

"Ah! there is the puzzle. Max's visit to Rome at a moment so critical strikes me as suspicious."

"Do you think Sir Frank suspected you were a detective when you first came to the house to watch proceedings?"

"I think that he had his suspicions—indeed, since I have read your narrative, a still more serious misgiving sometimes crosses my mind."

"What is that?"

"His method of procedure is a masterly one. It is, in one word, to make of everybody a tool, whenever he requires one."

"I don't see——"

"And, perhaps, having carefully prepared his plan of operations, he let me fall into his meshes, and has made a tool—a fool of me," said the detective, in a manner half-musing, half-jocular.

CHAPTER XIII.

How Changed!

THE next morning the doctor received the following letter:—

DEAR DR. IVES,—Henriette Artus was very ill indeed last night. The responsibility of looking after her is becoming too much for an old woman like me. It struck me that I might be killing her by keeping you from seeing her. You are very clever. I am not ungrateful. I remember how much I owe to your skill at Rome.

Yours faithfully,

HELEN DUBNOCK.

In a very short time the Doctor was in the drawing-room of the High Elms.

"I got your letter!"

"It seems to me a very foolish one," said the old lady, abruptly.

"Have you changed your mind?"

"I ought not to consult you on this point."

"Why?"

"Because you are not disinterested. Of course you will say that Henriette ought to see you; this means that you want to see Henriette Artus."

"I protest——"

"However, come up and don't chatter. Do your boots creak? They look as if they do. All doctors have creaking boots."

"I don't think they do."

"If you are not sure, take them off. The poor girl is in her usual sleep or trance, and seems quite unconscious of the outer world."

The words of Lady Dubnock seemed flippant, but her whole manner betrayed a terrible anxiety. In a minute or two Dr. Roderic Ives was in the presence of his lost love.

Is that sorry little figure propped up with pillows on a sofa the sparkling *Miss Harry* that once he knew? Is that creamy and wan face her face? Are those lack-lustre eyes the eyes that once set half the fine gentlemen of Rome raving? Her cheeks were sunken, her cheek-bones prominent, a little hand that obtruded was almost diaphanous. As the Doctor stood at the door of the apartment the young girl seemed to gaze through him into the far-away beyond. No trace of recognition was upon her countenance. The Doctor stood silently watching her. The metamorphosis was shocking.

A light touch was upon his shoulder. It was Lady Dubnock, who beckoned him away. He came readily; his mission was accomplished.

The only examination that had been possible under the circumstances he had made, but that examination had taught him much. He hurried off to Dr. Wedderburn, who was attending upon the young girl. They paid a visit to Lady Dubnock in the afternoon, and urged her to remove Henriette to Wannicott, her own home.

Strangely enough, this time the poor stricken young maiden seemed to have altered her mood. She made no objection to the journey when, in a lucid interval, the subject was broached to her. On the contrary, she seemed anxious to leave the house where such terrible events had occurred. A sort of travelling couch was made up for her, and the next day they got her to Wannicott. She bore the journey fairly well. Lady Dubnock announced as a coincidence that from the moment the Doctor had seen her she had insisted on always wearing a small silver cross.

Mr. Chivery was as glad almost as Roderic when he heard all this.

"She could tell us something," he said.

"What?"

"Well, she could tell us about her love affairs with Sir Frank. She could tell us why that engagement was broken off, if it was broken off. That might throw much light on dark places. You see, she is too unwell to come into a witness-box, and not certainly in a state serious enough for a death-bed deposition. Excuse me. I firmly believe that the change will make her quite an altered woman."

Dr. Ives went up to town in the evening. He wanted to procure all the leading medical treatises that touched upon cases similar to that of Henriette. The next evening he strolled into a club of which he was a member. It had been originally started as a dramatic club, but the muscadins of the period had scared away most of the actors. It was frequented by a Dr. Marx, a friend of Roderic's in former days. This man was a man of great talent, but he detested the trammels of civilised life, and preferred a small income from the poor and the medical journals, to a house in Bruton Street, with a colossal footman and a claret-coloured double Brougham.

This man was very well read, especially on the subject that Roderic was at present studying. It was to consult him and to get hints about the proper books to read that brought our friend to the Proscenium Club. He hunted about in the "morning room," where the evening papers were slumbering peacefully on leathern tables,—in the dining room, where supper was now being eaten,—lastly, he repaired to the smoking room—if anywhere, Dr. Marx would be there.

The smoking room was not very full, and Dr. Ives' friend was not there. The Doctor determined to wait for him. He lit a cigar, and took up a newspaper.

A barrister, Mr. Sledgwick, a comic actor, Mr. Gabb, and one or two others were smoking near, and were baiting a fashionable gentleman who seemed to have dined a little too well.

"That's a fine bet of yours, Cordingly!"

"Aw, I don't know; I don't think it's a bad one." It proves to be an old friend of ours.

"Six to one!"

"Yes! six to one—that he doesn't hang! He must hang, mind you, for me to lose!"

"Ha! an important reservation," said the barrister. "He might die of apoplexy or croup after conviction, in which case your money would be safe. Also, he might escape from prison."

"When I was at the Lyceum," said the actor, who liked to bring most subjects round to his particular experience, "I escaped from prison—a capital bit of business. It was in a burlesque entitled, 'Sheppard and the Black Sheep.' I had to climb down a high battlement. It was very effective. I danced the Perfect Cure."

"Not so effective as the 'perfect cure' which Sir Frank will shortly dance inside a prison, and Cordingly will dance outside—*minus* his six fivers!"

"I don't know, I don't know," said Captain Cordingly, "you fellows are all very clever, but you see I happen to know Kingsbury well. I have seen more of him since this business than anyone——"

"Visited him in the prison?"

"A dozen times."

"And what is it that makes you think that he'll get off?" said the barrister. The others were also all attention. In his vinous frankness, there was something in the young man's manner that struck the various listeners.

"Well, he's so cool and plucky, and easy about it—but I mustn't talk of this thing."

"Mustn't tell tales out of school," said the barrister, provokingly.

"There's no question of tales. The odd thing is, that there's nothing to tell."

"Nothing to tell?"

"The solicitor comes to him and says, 'Now, Sir Frank, you must really let us know what line of defence you would have taken up?' Sir Frank answers, 'My dear Mr. Slotcher'—yes, I think his name was Slotcher."

"All right, Mr. Slotcher," said the barrister, interested.

"No, it wasn't Slotcher;—it was Smith."

"Smith—yes, we hear—Smith."

"No, it wasn't Smith," said Captain Cordingly, a little fiercely; "you want to suck my brains."

"No, no, my dear Cordingly——"

"I can't think what that solicitor's name was," said the Captain, after a considerable pause.

"Slotcher—solicitors have such ridiculous names."

"Well, call him Slotcher."

"Hang it! no; why should I call Slotcher, Slotcher, if Slotcher isn't Slotcher," said the Captain, a little confused.

"Slotcher—I rather like that name. I'll have a farce written, and be named Slotcher!—capital idea. I might be a solicitor with a blue bag and a bald head." This was Mr. Gabb, the actor.

"So you've bet five to one on the baronet's line of defence?"

"I tell you he has no line of defence. He said to the solicitor—I forget his name—'My dear Mr.'—I forget his name—'I've no line of defence. The evidence against you is strong, no doubt; it is circumstantial. All that you can do is, to have a clever cross-examining counsel to sift it. He must keep his eyes open—and, perhaps, he may detect some flaw. It seems to me strong.'"

"Do you mean actually to tell me that that is all his case?" said the barrister, aghast.

"He talks as if he was giving advice to Mr.—I forget his name—in a case in which he himself has no interest."

The revelations of Captain Cordingly created a profound excitement in the smoking-room. Dr. Ives had listened with painful interest, but the Captain said nothing more. He seemed to feel, even in his wine-cups, that he had already said too much. The Doctor, by and by, left the Club much puzzled with what he had heard.

During all this time, the GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE has not by any means been left alone by the newspapers. Startling incidents, all more or less apocryphal, have "transpired"—that is the word—from time to time; and to facts have been added theories innumerable—theories as to the way in which brothers can be safely killed—theories to prevent brothers from being killed by brothers in the future.

During all this time, the state of mind of Dr. Ives must have presented rather a complex problem, if any modern analyst had taken it in hand in a three-volume treatise. On the one hand, there was before him the harrowing spectacle of a young life wrecked and faded; on the other hand, might he not indulge in any amount of selfish ecstasy, that the lost was recovered to him, and the cruelties of the iron past, in a measure, annulled. That strange individuality that still makes itself dear to us when shorn of its beauty was there, and he found himself loving Henriette Artus a million times more than ever. She was ill, stricken, dying perhaps, but she was now all his own. No one could keep her from him in this world, or in any of the existences to come, did such exist.

He had virtually now given up his London practice. Was not Henriette Artus his life in epitome? He still took up his quarters at *The Pelican*. All day long he was at Wannicott. A mighty power was contending with him for a great prize. His life had been one preparation for this great conflict, and now the issue was being contested inch by inch.

And, by a strange change of mood, the young girl no longer shunned him, but liked to have him near her. When he was present, her mind seemed much more tranquil. Still her great staring eyes gazed away into the vacant spaces at times, but the spaces no longer seemed peopled with their old terrors. She was still very, very ill. Still, her state was such as to rob her lover of his sleep, his rest, his peace of mind. He soon came to the conclusion that her malady was moral rather than physical. Some mystery was at the bottom of it—something was preying on her mind.

One morning Squire Bescott drove over with a gentleman, a solicitor employed by Government. They asked for Lady Dubnock, and also for the Doctor.

"The fact is," said the Squire, with his accustomed pomp of manner, "something must be settled shortly on the subject of Miss Henriette Artus."

"What do you mean?"

"The legal authorities advising the Government must know whether or not she is to be called as a witness. They must examine her on a point of fact, and see if she knows anything important, and if she is in a fit state to appear at the trial to give her evidence."

The answer was given by Dr. Ives.

"The fact is," he said, "that the state of Miss Henriette Artus is very peculiar. At times she is able to talk quite coherently and rationally; at times her mind wanders. The state of her health also is so critical, that any great excitement might prove fatal. My advice, as a medical man, is that a friend—say, Lady Dubnock—should question her cautiously, when she was in a fit state for such a proceeding, and, from what results, you may form your opinions."

"I am here only to take any deposition that may be necessary," said the Squire, pompously. "What do you say, Mr. Welsh?"

"As a medical man, do you think she is in a fit state to appear at the trial as a witness?" said the solicitor to Dr. Ives.

"I think not."

"The points upon which we chiefly want information are these:—

"1. Did Sir Frank propose to her more than once?

"2. Was she really engaged to Sir Frank?

"3. Why was it broken off?"

That night Lady Dubnock had some conversation with Henriette, and in the morning she informed Dr. Ives that the young girl had announced that Sir Frank had proposed to her three times; also, that the marriage was broken off at Rome at the express wish of Artus senior, on his death-bed. These facts were communicated to Mr. Welsh. He came over once more with the Squire, but on this

occasion, the young lady was not in the same lucid state. She said that Sir Frank had proposed five-and-twenty times. Her mind was wandering.

Mr. Welsh shook his head profoundly. Such a witness in a witness-box might do incalculable harm to any cause.

Dr. Ives, sometimes at his room at *The Pelican* talked over all these matters with Mr. Chivery. The latter had been very much puzzled by the scene at the Proscenium Club.

"What young Cordingly let out is probably perfectly accurate. He was drunk; he thought he was doing wrong somehow; and yet he did not see how these revelations of his could really prejudice his friend."

"Do they?—because, if so, it would have been hardly fair in me to have taken advantage of anything revealed in a Club under such circumstances."

"No; I don't see that anything could be made out of the business. If generally known, such a fact would, on the contrary, tend to prejudice a jury beforehand in favour of the prisoner. This would be a great point, for many prisoners are really judged before the trial opens."

A few days after this a noticeable circumstance happened. The Doctor was alone with Henrietta. She was a little better that day, and had been carried down to the drawing-room. The white cross was on her breast.

"Tell me this, Doctor," she said to him, suddenly fixing at him her great staring eyes, "did not you once say that you loved me?"

"Miss Artus, what a funny question."

"Well, well, I dream many things now. Do you love me still?"

"I'll tell you some day. I am now only a doctor, and a very peremptory one—am I not?"

"Tell me, do you love me?" she said, a little wearily.

"What have I to tell? I certainly am not given to much change in such matters."

"You are very good; I am only a spirit now—only a spirit."

"You mustn't talk like that, or I shan't love you. You understand——"

"When is the trial?" she interrupted, suddenly.

"What trial?"

"There, you said you loved me, and you talk like that——"

"What do you mean?"

"Tell me the date of the trial—the exact date, if you wish me not to hate you."

"It is on the 28th May."

"Foi d'Anglais?"

"Foi d'Anglais!"

"And now make me very well, and then if a spirit's love be worth anything, I'll love you—as a spirit!"

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY SUMMARY

OF

CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

"HARBINGER OF LIGHT" (MELBOURNE).

The records of Mr. Spriggs' séances are continued in the number before us. As this investigation goes on the conditions for observation seem to grow more and more satisfactory. The following extracts will show in what direction :—

"On the evening of May 23rd the manifestations were very powerful. Eight different forms materialised. Peter quickly presented himself, and entered into conversation with the sitters. Peter stated that the controls were about to place the medium in a 'dead trance.' He then came out into the circle, and stood in front of the curtains in full view. He asked Mr. Terry to come forward, and upon the latter doing so, Peter took one of Mr. Terry's hands in his own, as they stood side by side, requesting him to place the other through the curtains upon the medium's hand. This Mr. Terry did, and stated to the other sitters that he had hold of the fingers of the medium's hand. Inadvertently he grasped the fingers of the medium's hand somewhat tightly, which instantly produced a curious and marked effect upon Peter (still standing by his side in the full view of the sitters), as he seemed to receive an unpleasant shock, and complained of pain. The five remaining members of the circle were in succession called forward for the same purpose. In each case, as soon as their hand came in contact with that of the medium (who was evidently in a very deep trance), Peter, who was standing outside holding the sitter by the hand, was observed to shrink and cry out with evident pain, and would not for some moments recover from the shock.

"After the giving of this crucial test the manifestations were very strong indeed. Geordie materialised, and came forward with great vigour, shook hands, placed his face close to the visitors, raised their hands close to his forehead, asked for more light, stood *in the full glare*, drew aside the curtain to show the medium again, so that the sense of sight, as well as of touch, might bear the same testimony; handed round some flowers which had been presented to him, sat for some time in the chair by Mr. Carson's side, rose again, passed through the circle and out of the door into the front premises; repeated this several times, bringing into the circle-room various objects therefrom, and carrying them back again, and returning finally, again showed the medium."

"On the evening of May 26th the manifestations were again very strong. Seven different forms materialised, viz., Zion, Peter, Geordie, Mrs. Cobham, the Nun, Lily, and Charity. Geordie walked about with great activity, even dancing a little to some

lively music, coming up to the visitors and shaking hands with them vigorously, placing his face close to their eyes so that they could see every lineament of it, evidently for the purpose of enabling them to compare it with that of the medium, and then lifting their hands to his face, so that they might be convinced through the sense of touch that it was natural. He requested an increase of light, which was given until Mr. Terry stood holding it in his hand, the rays falling direct upon the form, illuminating it brightly from head to foot. Geordie drew back the curtain and showed the visitors the medium, whose hand they could see (as they stated) lying across his knees. The female forms materialised, and came out also with increased force. Ski spoke for a considerable time in a loud and distinct voice, giving some excellent advice to one of the visitors as to the development of his daughter's mediumship, and also to a lady visitor as to her development. He also gave the name of a spirit, present with another visitor (a complete stranger to the medium), which the visitor said was correct, and was that of his brother."

This is all very satisfactory, and is a long way in advance of much that has been witnessed in this country. Perhaps, however, the most significant fact is that one of the sitters, taking an unfair advantage of his position, contrived to smear his hand with printers' ink before grasping that of the materialised form. When the medium came into full light no trace whatever was found of the ink which had been impressed on the hand of the form. This, though important evidence for the distinct individuality of the form, does not bear out the generally received opinion that colouring matter, used in the manner indicated, is transferred to the body of the medium. Evidently the whole case is even yet not before us.—The rest of the Harbinger's contents is of the usual description, amongst others being articles on "The Relation of Spiritualism to Freethought," and "The Death Penalty."

"LIGHT" (LONDON).

Light is again freighted with good and useful matter, and the four numbers before us are a fair example of the vast improvement which has taken place in the periodical literature of the movement during the last two decades.—The Society for Psychical Research have altered one of their rules concerning the admission of members, the object being to facilitate the introduction of those wishing to join the Society. This is undoubtedly a wise step.—"Imperator," in "Spirit Teaching," raises a point which has not as yet occupied the attention of Spiritualists, although it seems to us to be of the utmost importance. It is the necessity of graduating the phenomena to enquirers, and of forming circles of instruction. This course was urged by Mr. Farmer in his paper, read recently before the Central Association of Spiritualists, and we are glad to see it insisted upon in this place. It is one of the most important questions for consideration in the near future.—The correspondence relative to Miss

Wood's séances we notice elsewhere.—The letters on "Theosophy," by "A. P. S.," will be welcome, as indicating the exact position taken by Theosophists, written by one who is well qualified to speak with authority. We reserve all criticism, however, until the series is complete.

"THE MEDIUM" (LONDON).

The Medium this month contains its usual line of trance and normal addresses. Amongst the latter, that by Mr. R. S. Clarke on "Spirit Intercourse: Its Value and Probable Effects," delivered before the Plymouth Society, deserves special notice. He very cogently points out that each particular age in the past has had its particular need supplied, and the present forms no exception to the general rule. He then points out that Spiritualism, in its relation to ancient religious systems, shows an agreement in general principles, while it explains details much more satisfactorily and fully than earlier revelations. This is naturally to be expected of all revelations from the same Being. The doctrines of Purgatory, the Invocation of Saints, Salvation by Faith, etc., etc., are then viewed in the light of the Spiritual Philosophy and shown to possess a substratum of truth. There is a true ring about much that Mr. Clarke says, and we regret our inability completely to summarise his excellent address.—The Plymouth Society prospers. This is more, we fear, than could be said of many others once in a flourishing condition. Improper, if not positively evil, methods of investigation have caused deadly havoc, until public action has been sorely crippled. A revival of interest can, we think, only come through private interest and investigation.—Mr. Burns makes another appeal to his friends to relieve him of his liabilities, and Mrs. Burns supplements it. We trust his request will be satisfactorily answered; at the same time, we fear his attempt to shift the responsibility from himself to "the movement" will not help him. Apart from this, we think the proprietor of the Spiritual Institution deserves support in his hour of need. Such good work has been done in the past through its instrumentality, that it would be a pity were it allowed to collapse.—"Omega," a *nom-de-plume*, which hardly veils the personality of the writer, gives notes of his tour in the Spiritual centres of the North of England and Midland Counties. He found Spiritualism flourishing in private, but very little public action. Among the places visited were Mossley, Sheffield, Macclesfield, Belper, Stamford, Peterborough, and Leicester.

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS" (NEWCASTLE).

The *Herald* gives a case of direct writing in full daylight, the medium being Mrs. Kate Fox Jencken. The following is a condensed account of the incident:—

"Some Newcastle friends had recently a private séance, with this celebrated medium, in London, by the kind permission of Mr. and

Mrs. Braye. The sitting was held at their private residence at 44 Brompton Square, on July the 17th last. As the hour of the meeting was 4 p.m., it was full daylight, and the only thing done to modify the light was that the window blind (a white cotton one) was pulled down about three-fourths of the way in order to lessen the glare of the sunlight. Thus everything in the room could be seen, and seats were taken round the dining room table in the following order:—Mrs. Kate Fox Jencken, Mrs. Hammarbom, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Braye, Mr. H. Kersey, and Mr. W. Hunter; Mr. and Mrs. Hunter occupying the opposite ends of the table. . . . By means of raps all were instructed to take hold of hands, and Mr. Kersey was requested to hold with one hand a sheet of foolscap paper under the table. He presently stated that apparently some one else had taken hold of it as well, for it was being waved up and down; finally it was plucked out of his grasp, a pencil was then rapped for, which Mr. Kersey also held under the table, and this was taken from him in a similar manner; in a minute or two afterwards he was told by the raps to get the paper from under the table. On doing so, the words '*George Henry*' (surname also written) were found written in pencil on what had previously been a perfectly clean sheet of paper. Considering the great amount of light prevailing, and that all hands were on the table and holding each other, it was asked that this might be repeated. A ready assent being given, the same process was gone through, excepting that previous to putting the fresh sheet of paper under the table, Mr. Hunter and Mr. Kersey each wrote their initials and the date on one corner of it, and then tore a piece of that corner off as a means of identification, and the piece so torn off was retained on the table before them all. On the sheet being taken from under the table, the words '*George Henry*' were found on it written in pencil; the piece that had been torn off was fitted to it and found to correspond exactly, thus proving that it was the same sheet of paper which Mr. Kersey handed under the table in clean condition, and that the writing thereon found subsequently was done by no mortal hand."

—"Dangers of Mediumship"—apparently an extract from some book or paper—contains good advice which cannot be too often urged. The following is a sample:—

"Who that has made any progress in the spiritual life, and especially those who have felt called to take any prominent position in the Spiritual movement of to-day, has not been assailed by the tempter in various forms?"

"No form of trial is more universal than the appeal to one's ambition, or love of power and notoriety. The experience of the Nazarene is but a type of nearly or quite every subject of spiritual influences in our day. Not every one, however, has the insight and the wisdom which he displayed, in promptly detecting and repelling the temptation when presented.

"How common is it for mediums to be told that if they will but implicitly yield to the dictation of 'the spirits,' surrendering their

own judgment wholly into the keeping of invisibles—that is, ‘fall down and worship me’—they shall become prodigies of one or another sort; and how many have caught at the bait and imagined they were such! . . .

“It is no sin nor shame to be thus tempted. The folly and shame lie in yielding. . . . Nor do such temptations necessarily imply malignity on the part of the beings presenting them. They may be the only method by which our weaknesses, foibles, and latent evils can be made to stand out glaringly to our view, so that we may see their unsightliness and free ourselves from them. Discipline, trial, and *growth* towards perfection—not mere *enjoyment*—are the important ends of this rudimental life.

“He that resists and overcomes all such seductions, gains thereby a power not otherwise attained. It is said that when Jesus had passed his forty days of trial, the angels came and ministered unto him, and he soon began to preach and heal with great power. So may it be with us.”

Sound and sober sense that !

“LIGHT FOR ALL” (SAN FRANCISCO).

This journal from the Far West is, we are glad to see, one which advocates the necessity for the purification of circles and conditions. In this policy it has our heartiest good wishes for success. *Light for All* republishes the reply made by the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* to certain questions asked by the *Review* as regards the “Dark or Evil Spirit Intervention” theory. It is also very pertinently pointed out that all through our investigations it has been the cry of every pulpit that dared assail spirit communion that it was evil spirits, none but evil spirits could return, to which cry every investigation gave the direct lie. Yet the cry, “*The evil spirits made me do it!*” is by no means an uncommon one; the object being an endeavour to shield, or gloss over, the most barefaced fraud. We agree with *Light for All* in thinking it above all other things desirable that the boot should be put upon the right foot and no encouragement given to such specious and barefacedly false arguments. If it be fraud,—and in most cases where this plea is put forward it undoubtedly is—then fraud, plain and simple, let it be. We fear a time is coming upon us when Spiritualists, for the sake of their own honour, will have to call things by very plain names, and when drastic measures will have to be taken to redeem the credit of the movement.—Dr. Allyn, writing from St. Helena, is also to the point. He says:—“I have studied the subject for thirty years, and have sacrificed no little for the cause during the last twenty years. I am now impressed that what is needed to advance the cause and benefit mankind, is *more light*. To facilitate this we need competent and honest mediums, and capable and honest observers. We need the highest phases of phenomena in such an unquestionable shape as to be convincing to critical and scientific seekers who honestly desire light and truth. It

is no disparagement to the many true mediums in our midst to state what they know: that we have been surfeited *ad nauseam* with fraudulent pretenders for the past decade. This I have well known for years, but have held my peace on the principle that it is not best to lance a boil too soon. It requires no words to show that this has been most disastrous to the progress of Spiritualism as well as its value to lift the veil of darkness that enshrouds mankind. Nor need we be surprised that fraud has been resorted to, when we consider that we live, as it were, in an atmosphere of fraud. Our teeming mines have been operated by fraud. Some of our finest buildings have been built in large part by money wrested from the hard hands of toil by fraud. Large fortunes have been thus acquired, and the highest offices in the gift of some of our States have been reached by the free use of money obtained by the fraudulent manipulation of mines. In such a community it is not to be wondered at that fraud should be resorted to in the sacred name of mediumship, for the purpose of acquiring the means of subsistence and also a surplus. Allow me to make a few practical suggestions. To facilitate the co-operation with the spirit world in producing the much-needed phenomena of the best attainable type, some things are plainly requisite. First, honest mediums and honest seekers. The seekers should supply such conditions as will facilitate operations. It is requisite that the seeker should be well versed in psychological laws, and with the nature of theatrical illusions. To these ends means should be furnished to provide the requisite conditions. Sittings should be continued long enough to educate both medium and sitters, and develop latent capabilities."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF WILLIAM HOWITT.

The following letter speaks for itself, and, at the same time, explains the non-appearance this month of the promised continuation of these papers:—

"To the Editor of the *PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW*.

"19 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.,

"August 24, 1882.

"Sir,—You will probably have been expecting to see the MS. of the second part of the 'William Howitt Memoirs,' and I have also been hoping—'but hoping against hope'—to have it to send.

"I saw by the '*Psychological Review*,' which you kindly sent me into Nottinghamshire, that you had announced the second part to appear in September, which I feared was not a safe promise, as I previously had begged you not to *bind me as to time*. To bind me as to time, in writing, *invariably* is to put a fetter upon me, which impedes all progress.

"However, having been home now a few days, I have got out my papers and books of reference, and am *trying* to set industriously

again to work ; but I shall, I am sure, have nothing ready for the next month's number. To do these sketches worthily, requires much care, much research, and the making copious extracts from many books and MSS. This one can only do when quiet at home in one's own surroundings. At this season it is most difficult for me to command my own time, and I foresee very shortly, with my best desires towards completion, a break again in my work. Kindly, therefore, do *not tie me to time*, but rest assured that you shall have the papers as soon as it is possible, and completed in a way to justify the time bestowed upon them. I am dear sir, ever yours sincerely,

"A. M. H. WATTS."

MISS WOOD'S SEANCES.

The generally unsatisfactory method of conducting séances for "form manifestations" has again become apparent. This time Miss Wood has to bear the brunt—quite unjustly, I think, as far as she herself is concerned. It has, however, always seemed to me a fact, that, no matter how genuine and incapable of fraud mediums may be, yet if they allow themselves to sit under conditions that, to say the least, are unwise, if not altogether bad, they sooner or later, and often quite innocently and unjustly, fall victims to doubt and suspicion. For their own sakes if for nothing else, mediums should refuse to sit except under the most perfect conditions obtainable.

The above and following remarks are founded on the correspondence which has taken place in *Light* with reference to Miss Wood's séances at 38 Great Russell Street. Mr. Podmore opened the ball by a letter in which, to my mind, he simply expresses a desire to point out that the conditions were unsatisfactory, and that nothing taking place could in the circumstances be accepted as evidence. From the subsequent correspondence, however, it appears that many look upon Mr. Podmore's letter as nothing less than a very thinly-veiled accusation of fraud against Miss Wood. I did not so read it, nor do I think Mr. Podmore so meant it, and it is unfortunate if the expressions he used have conveyed an impression probably not intended. I was present at the séance in question, and have also had a long acquaintance with Miss Wood, enjoying many opportunities of investigating the phenomena of mediumship. I have found her ever ready to adopt any test suggested—no one could have been more ready. The conditions, however, were so stringent and so unusual, and moreover, my circle was so limited in numbers, that I did not obtain very satisfactory results, at any rate in "wonders," but what I did obtain convinced me that I was on the right track, and, what is more, thoroughly embued me with a sense of Miss Wood's good faith in the matter. She also was comfortable, and placed full confidence in me.

There is more in this last sentence than nine out of every ten Spiritualists dream of. One essential of success in these circles is

harmony. That, I venture to say, can never be arrived at when the "bolt and bar and sticking plaster" method of investigation is adopted, nor in an atmosphere which is *full of nothing but suspicion*. The sitters are suspicious of the medium, so they tie her and secure her in various ways. The medium's mind is thus unsettled, and a distrust of the sitters engendered, so she wants the sitters tied also, viz., each to hold his neighbour—the medium, poor thing, seeing that that is the most she can hope to accomplish. And so the thing goes drearily on, medium and sitters in antagonism one to the other. Is not the whole thing a farce? What can be expected under such conditions? I confess I do not wonder that the law of "like attracting like" holds good, and from suspicion you get nothing but suspicious results. Is any other result possible?

To return to the séance in question. Having said so much as to my general experience, I must confess that though I see no reason to doubt the genuine nature of the phenomena which took place, yet the conditions observed were extremely unsatisfactory and ludicrous. For this Miss Wood was in no way to blame. She was quite passive, and had no choice in the matter, simply complying with the requirements of the sitters, and if these were such as to invalidate the facts for evidence, then the blame rests, certainly, not with the medium, but rather with the sitters. Mr. Podmore's letter shows that the method of securing the medium was at least open to doubt; and the light was useless for observation of any kind. "M.A. (Oxon.," writing to me afterwards said, "when sufficient light for observation is denied, that should be regarded as a signal to break up the séance." I quite agree with him.

The moral of the whole affair seems to me to be to strengthen the position I have over and over again insisted upon in relation to such matters, viz., that, at the best of times, present methods are unwise and unsatisfactory, if not worse. I feel it is not going too far to assert that it is extremely doubtful whether evidence obtained in such a way can be thoroughly relied upon. In the use of cabinets, the tying and the seclusion of the medium, and in the reduction of the light below observation point, there is so much to suggest trickery and fraud that no matter how good the testimony may appear, or how high the character of the witnesses, doubt will creep in. In the circumstances it would be surprising were it otherwise. The evidence for such a stupendous fact as "form manifestations" should be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, and that is certainly not the case at present. "M.A. (Oxon.," strikes a true keynote when he says:—"Let us have no room for error, so far as we can arrange. Let the medium be protected from a possible imputation that may be a grave injustice to an honest man; and let the investigation be so conducted that what is published as evidence may be a true contribution to our knowledge, and not a misleading *ignis fatuus*, to follow which is to flounder into a quagmire. Surely, surely, there is no heresy in that request."

Continuing his remarks he goes on to say:—"In view of the repeated question, What *are* satisfactory conditions for the investigation of materialisation phenomena? I may adduce from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* an account of the plan adopted by Slade. 'Two upright wires are fastened by clamps to the edge of a plain square table, and across their upper extremities a third wire is adjusted, horizontally from which hangs a piece of black cambric, two feet square, into which three sides of an opening are cut, viz., the right, left, and lower side,' so that the cambric hangs as a curtain which may be raised when it is desired to look within. Behind this table, with its framework and black cambric curtain, is another black curtain, stretched across a corner of the room. Seats are put round three sides of the table, and at these the observers, *including the medium*, sit, facing the curtain, with hands joined on the top of the table. This simple preparation is all that is made, and is put up by Slade and the observers when it is required for use. Light sufficient to tell the time by a watch held at arm's length is maintained. The first symptom of success in the experiment is the appearance of what I have elsewhere called 'floating masses of luminous vapour' behind or at the sides of the first black curtain. On raising it, the space before the second curtain is found to be occupied by a white figure, having no clearly defined outline, its atoms obviously moving 'as if it were a wreath of smoke or cloud.' Suddenly, in the movements of this vapoury white cloud, shadows appear, which deepen into features, folds of dark hair, and the like, 'not fixed, as in a portrait, but struggling for stability against the dissolving tendencies of this unstable cloud.' Seldom, if ever, are more than three such apparitions presented at a sitting. It will be obvious, I think, that they and the conditions under which they are presented are perfectly satisfactory."

It may also be of service to describe the plan I adopted in my investigation with Miss Wood. My readers will picture an ordinary drawing-room, with a bay window on one side of it. The woodwork of the recess is enamelled black with ornamental gold lines. Each of the three divisions of the window have sliding shutters (also enamelled black) which, when in use, reach to the top, and fitting closely in the beadings, effectually exclude all light. Across the mouth of the bay was fixed the curtain-pole, to which was suspended two pairs of curtains, one set being of white muslin, the other set being tapestry—a black ground with figuring in dead gold. The latter were large enough when unlooped to extend the entire width of the recess, and when in this position about a foot-and-a-half dragged on the carpet. The white muslin curtains were drawn, each curtain to its proper side, folded, and fastened by being tied to the top of the pole outside the recess, so that any one able to reach seven feet and a half could only just touch them. These were therefore entirely out of reach, and could not have been used in presenting white appearances or objects. In addition to this, it will be seen, if the reader has followed

that there was nothing white inside the "cabinet," drawing the tapestry curtains across the opening of the room, entirely void of furniture or draping of any kind, and the curtains, which were closed, being black. A lady's arm-chair was placed in the centre, half in the recess and half in the room. When seated, the curtains were pinned from a point above the level of Miss Wood's head down to her lap, and then pinned so as to expose the whole of the skirt of her dress; the curtains being pinned together underneath the chair were then placed on the floor. *The latter, and also her feet were visible throughout the sitting.* What took place was not produced by the use of those means, and two others saw them distinctly the whole time. There were, therefore, three openings through which anything could be seen—the opening of the curtains above Miss Wood's head, and the two sides. The first few sittings were fruitless, but, in subsequent ones, the curtains were drawn at both sides, and "floating masses" of luminous light appeared in the centre, from six to seven feet from the floor. These appearances increased in substantiality as the sittings continued, and I have very little doubt that had I been able to persist in my investigation, I should ultimately have obtained the same results. The light, I may mention, was good. Three gas jets were burning—the flame of each being one inch deep—i.e., from the base of the jet to the top of the flame.

were the more important conditions. In a good light, with the medium in full view, as regards her hands and feet, I obtained the first phases of "form manifestation," and abundant indications were not wanting to show that had I continued my experiments, I should, in all probability, have been successful in obtaining the more advanced phases of faces and forms. It will also be seen, that, granting the necessity of a "cabinet" and privacy, these were secured in a perfectly unobjectionable form. I have curtailed my description as much as possible, as I purpose shortly, with the editor's permission, dealing more fully with the question of the various tests applied by investigators in *Light*. I, therefore, resist the temptation to enlarge, but these hints will, I hope, be not altogether unacceptable.

JOHN S. FARMER.

EDUCATION AFTER DEATH.

"Is there, then, the possibility of the education of human beings, of those, at least, who have never had the means of knowing the truth, and of choosing between light and darkness, of believing in or neglecting Christ, being continued after death? Whatever weight is attached to an affirmative reply, whatever deliverance it may afford to distressed souls, whatever light it may cast on the character and purposes of God as revealed in Christ (and it is held by increasing numbers of the best men in this and other ages of the Church), let

us at least understand what it means. It does not mean that it is not to be a Day of Judgment after which the fate of individual of the human family is to be finally determined when is this period to dawn? It may be thousands, it may be millions of ages ere the end comes, when Christ shall have drawn up the Kingdom to God the Father.

"Whatever may be done to such human spirits as we have of, it is assumed to be before that. Nor does it mean that they can be saved here or afterwards in a way essentially different from that in which he is saved now, except, it may be, by severe discipline and a more trying discipline.

"It assumes that there is a connection unchangeable and in the law or character of God between sin and spiritual suffering. This must show itself in the want of peace, joy, hope, and glory of character for which man was created, and in the ravages of spiritual disease, in deformity of soul, in blindness, deafness, and moral decrepitude.

"Consequently, come *when* it may, in this world or the next, it may, by teaching or by chastisement, or when it may, in ten and ten years, or in hundreds of years, there *must* be a conversion *as* sin, a repentance towards God, a seeing His love, and of Himself as God through the redemption that is in Christ before salvation is possible.

"What is there in Scripture to forbid the belief, for which of God's love of righteousness in us occurs, that (may be) the term of education with millions of the heathen and the ignorant who have been neglected by selfish men may not terminate with threescore and ten years? It is not said that it must be so, but that for aught we know it may be so.

"We are reminded that each person who dies lives on, seen and *known* of God, and is the object of His interest somewhere—that wherever he is, he is as responsible there as here, and it is asked whether that to us unseen, but to them most real state of being, as *real* as if it existed in a material world like this, is necessarily an abode of hopeless unmitigated woe for such persons as I have alluded to, whether God's infinite resources are at an end in regard to them, and whether truth may not be made known there, which was never heard *here*, a God revealed who was unknown *here*, a Saviour proclaimed with fulness, tenderness, love, and all sufficiency, which was never once preached to them *here*, and whether, as the result of this, the kingdom of God may not come in a way we never dreamt of—and, alas! never in our wretched feebleness and unbelief ever laboured for?

"The possibility of such an education beyond the grave is what the early Church, and many since, believed to be the only possible meaning that could be attached to the 'preaching to the spirits that are in prison,' and which has found a place in the creed of Christendom in the article—'He descended into hell,' to the *unseen* regions of the world of spirits."—REV. NORMAN M'LEOD.